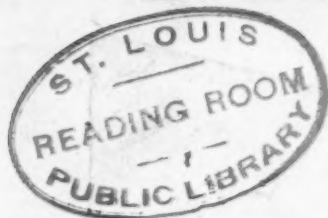
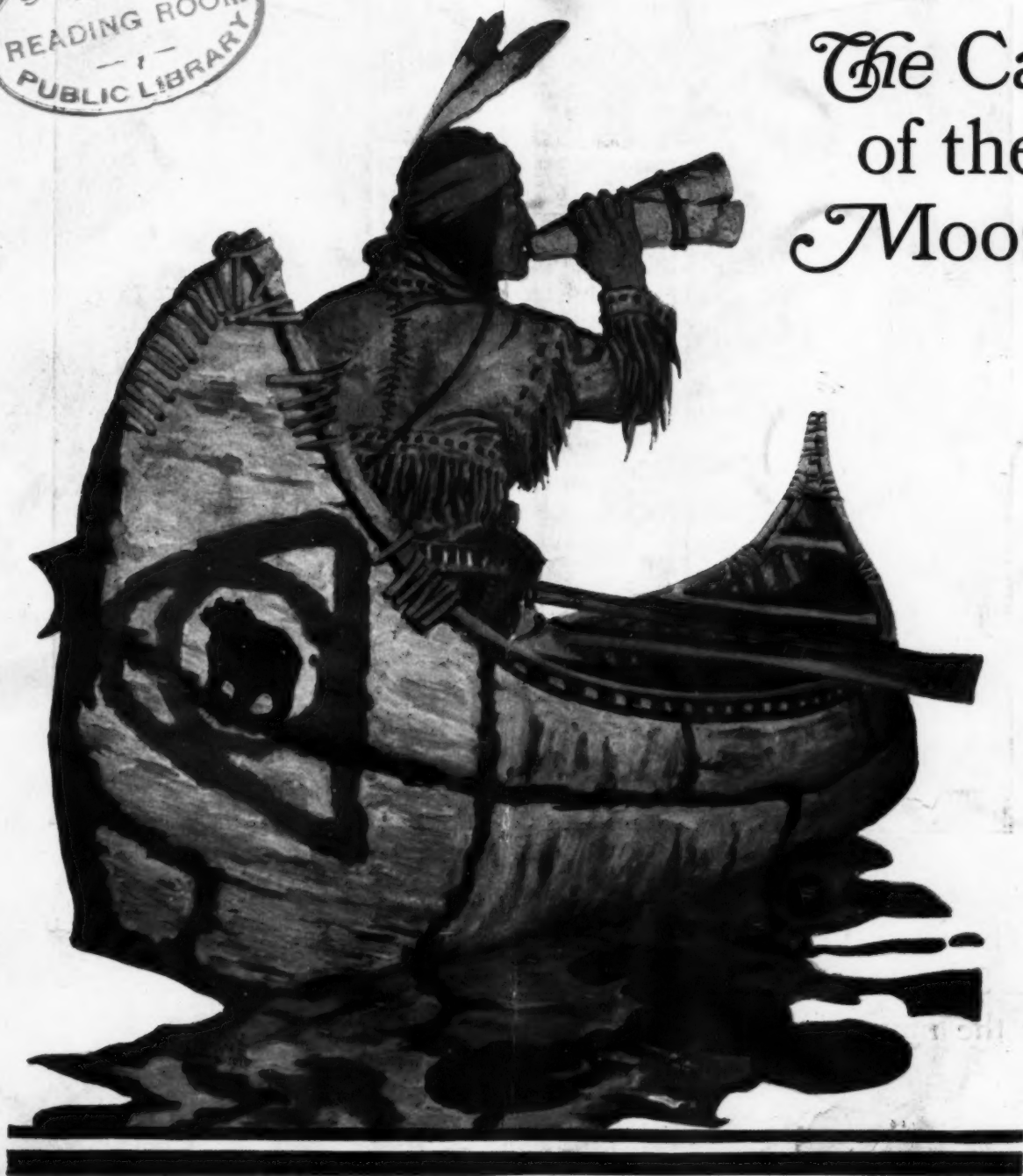


NATIONAL *Monthly about People* MAGAZINE

Edited by JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



The Call of the Moose



JUNE, 1919

20 Cents

Watch for this Window Display in The Rexall Stores as the Vacation Days Begin



These are the Stores that understand Service—Patriotic Service and Store Service—and some of them were even recruiting stations for the navy. That's why

*The **Rexall** Stores*

have a hearty welcome for every man in the service
of his country

advent

Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

PRESIDENTIAL proclamations flash over the seas, while aeroplanes are spanning the vasty deep. All this indicates swift motion. For the first time in history, executive messages were sent to Congress by the President from three thousand miles away.

An extra session of Congress was called by cable, and thru electric flashes under the seas, and words transmitted thru the trembling ether of the air, the extra session of the sixty-fifth Congress is marked by extraordinary events. With Congress once again in session during the merry month of June, the bridal couples are in "high glee." Now they are able to see real Congressmen and real Senators when they honeymoon at the Capital, and witness the sixty-sixth Congress in the bornin'.

Many new faces appeared. There was a scurry for living quarters, and the dormitories on the green came in handy. Even after the desolation of war activities, Washington is still crowded. The cluster of homes built on the grounds of the Capitol and Union Station look like a magic town that had arisen since the latter days of the war. There is a touch of colonial architecture in the towers of a small city in itself. The Billy Sunday Tabernacle near the station has been turned into "Liberty Hall," where thousands of returning soldiers are entertained and cared for every night.

Visitors who have not been in Washington during the war are sure to be amazed at the transformation. At night, the light gleaming brightly in the dome indicates that Congress is working overtime.

Committee appointments were arranged during the conferences preceding the opening days, planning vigorous work in passing the urgent deficiency bills—for without money appropriated by Congress the wheels of many departments must stop.

*The Congressional Grist Mill
Again is Grinding*

REPUBLICAN conferences indicate lively proceedings. Senator Penrose, as the committee leader, is still busy holding conferences. The discussions will likely grow more heated with the weather, and the advent of dog days will probably find Congress sweltering with some of the same

old problems which have been confronting them for years past, in addition to the new questions growing out of the Peace settlement. Senator Cummins was elected President *pro tem* of the Senate, and Senator Warren is back on the job as chairman of the Appropriations Committee. With Senator Lodge as floor leader, interesting debates are promised.

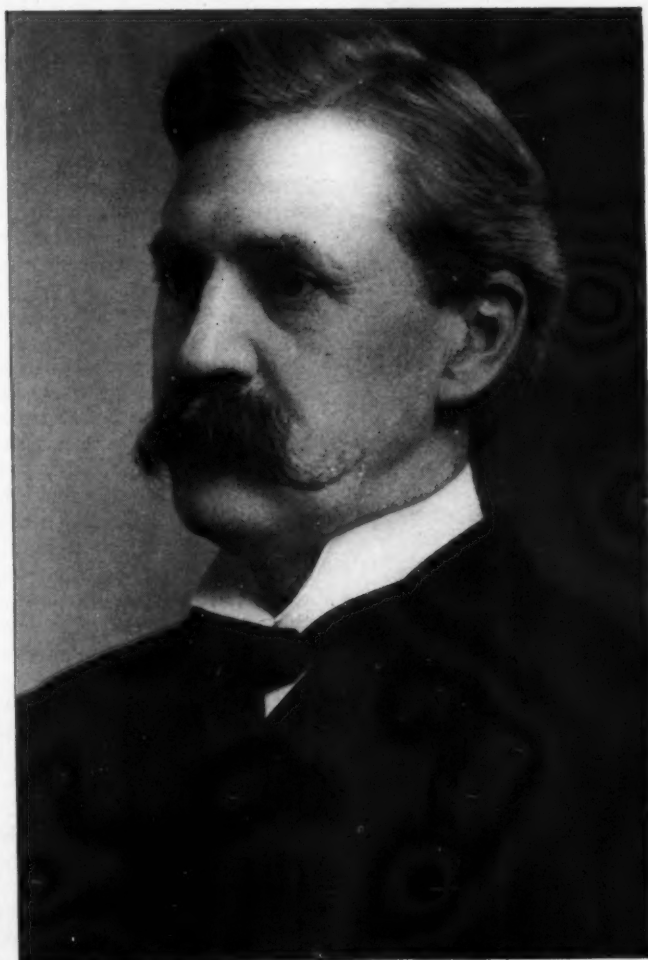
*Appointment of Director
of Public Roads*

THE legislation zealously guarding the post roads since Continental days has crystallized into a Bureau of Public Roads as an established department of the Federal Government. The appointment of Thomas H. MacDonald in charge of the highway work for the Department of Agriculture, with one hundred and fifty millions to use in highway construction, under the Post Office Appropriation Act, marks the largest single appropriation for road building ever known in history.

As Director of Public Roads, Mr. MacDonald comes to his work with an understanding of what is needed. He hails from the state of Iowa, which has been famed in the past as having the worst roads in the United States. He was formerly employed by the Chicago & Great Western Railroad, and has an experience with track work, and knows what a road foundation means. He later took up highway work, revealing a broad knowledge of road building that peculiarly fitted him for heading this newly organized bureau. The next decade will witness a greater mileage of new roads to meet the demand of transportation by automobiles and trucks than the entire country possessed altogether for decades past. Good roads has become something more than a mere slogan for political leaders at farmers' picnics.

*Secretary Glass is Wearing the
Smile That Won't Come Off*

ASMILE of contentment and satisfaction came over the countenance of Secretary Glass when the final figures were reported to him on the Victory Loan of 1919. His speeches were evidence of the leadership of the man who was identified with the creation and passage of the



SENATOR ALBERT B. CUMMINS, President *pro tem* of the Senate

Federal Reserve bill and the fiscal system under which the government carried on the war.

Some of Secretary Glass's stirring utterances have already become epigrams. In a recent statement he said: "It seemed to be no larger a mouthful for me to say that the government expenditures were a billion and a half in April, and were only a billion and four million less than any month since the war began. Foreign government loans brought in an interest in April of more than \$114,000,000, and the net increase in the United States' debt during the first three months of this year aggregates over \$3,344,000,000, or at the rate of more than one billion a month, while the net increase for April was only half that amount." These figures seem to indicate that the United States expenditures will soon bring expenses down to some normal basis. The budget plan, as favored by Senator Penrose and leaders of the President's party, will probably be the basis of a new system for meeting and carrying on war expenditures.

There was a complacent look, as the Secretary heard the report of the comptroller, pointing out the fact that only two

national bank failures were recorded in sixteen months of the war, and that sixty-one new national banks were added during the last four months. Former Secretary McAdoo is making moving pictures in the sunny glow of the Pacific slope, and some wonder whether his ambition to control motion pictures has anything to do with future political plans.

*"Peace Hath Her Victories, No
Less Renoun'd Than War"*

IF there is any phase of the Peace discussion that has not been thoroughly investigated and looked up, it will not be the fault of the Congressmen and Senators, who have been searching the records and filling the reading rooms in the Congressional library and using up the midnight electric current. Matters will be gone over with a fine-tooth comb, as far as the law of precedent is concerned. Political prophets are all at sea as to just how the alignment will affect the Presidential election in 1920, but there is no doubt that the activities among both parties have already begun with a view of controlling the gigantic budget that is certain to bloom bi-annually in meeting war expenses. That means a long muster roll of fairly good-paying jobs. They have maintained their national organizations, with a view to mobilizing votes expeditiously. The scouts on the "watch tower," observing every turn of the political weathervane, are already giving the countersigns. The situation of a Congress politically opposed to the President will eliminate the monotony of the last Congress, for which no one seemed ready to send flowers when it expired on March 4th. The President will have to show the present Congress some reason why, other than mere political wish or whim.

*Two of Senator Overman's
Daughters Wedded on Same Day*

WHAT more beautiful picture can be imagined than the kindly face of the veteran Senator, Lee S. Overman, giving his blessing and benediction to two charming daughters wedded on the same day at the old homestead in North Carolina. The two youngest daughters, Miss Kathryn and Miss Grace, were married on the same day amid scenes of Southern hospitality at its best. How fitting it was that these devoted daughters of the Senator should choose to have their wedding amid the fragrance of the magnolias in their own native southland. Altho leaders in the younger fashionable Washington society for several years, their thoughts were first of the old home and father and mother, whose honored career in the homeland and in the nation's capital has ever been the greatest inspiration of their young lives.

*Richard Crane Appointed Minister
to Czecho-Slovak Republic*

IT was quite natural that Secretary Lansing should think of his secretary, Mr. Richard Crane, in selecting a man for the new post of American Minister to the new republic of Czecho-Slovakia. Mr. Crane has been in the department ever since the inception of the World War, and is thoroly conversant with the evolution of this new nation. While the Secretary was absent in Europe, Mr. Crane carried on the work at the State Department with unflagging devotion to the policy outlined by his chief. It is one thing to have a policy and another thing to have it carried out. Secretary Lansing feels that in the work connected with the new nation, created out of the stress of war, he desires to have men who not only understand the important details of necessary diplomatic routine, but who will give the new countries a fitting welcome to the galaxy of nations that will be remembered and appreciated.

*Passports Now Not Easy
Documents to Secure*

THE applications for passports to Europe are running up into the hundreds of thousands, but the State Department is very firm in its orders to American consuls abroad not to visé a passport for any person desiring to come to America, except for urgent business, public or otherwise, altho there are cases for humane consideration that have been made exceptions to the irrevocable rule. The number of applications for permits



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MISS GRACE OVERMAN

to visit or come to America are equal to those asking permission to go abroad. In every case the wishes of the government of the country to be visited are first consulted. With all the available space and rooms needed for the returning troops, a ban has been placed upon tourist traveling for mere pleasure or curiosity. Leisure folks, seeking sensations for satiated nerves, and who knew and felt little of the war pressure, eager to gratify their curiosity in looking over the battlefields, will have to wait awhile.

*All the World
Loves a Lover*

SPRING showers bring the annual delegation of brides and grooms to Washington town. New hats, new valises, new suits, and happy smiles are a refreshing change of scene on the avenue. There is a freshness about the Maytime bride that somehow heralds the exotic popularity of June weddings. It is a distinct relief to see the streets of Washington again filled with people without the war-worn expression. With the President abroad and Congress in session, the department routine lazily lagging along, gathering up odds and ends of war-time activities, people stop and smile as the bridal couples pass, for does not "all the world love a lover"? And a sight of the youthful bride and happy groom brings memories to the minds of the elders who have passed that way, and visions to those who are to follow after, in the alluring step of the wedding march.

*Congress Putting Teeth
Into Peace-time Espionage Act*

WHEN Congress convened there was vigorous talk about getting after the Bolsheviks and "bomb throwers," propagated on American soil thru Trotsky's German loot. The secret service of the Department of Justice continues vigilant in the work. They were hot on the trail of the criminals at a Sherlock Holmes' pace, following to its lair every suspicious or seditious act. Notice has been served upon the Russian and foreign anarchists that this climate is not desirable for those whose polluted lungs cannot recognize the healthful air of real liberty. This will likely result in an espionage act in peace times to protect the country, realizing that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and is as necessary now as in war times. The only difficulty encountered is in making the law drastic enough, without trespassing on the Constitutional guarantee of free speech. The distinction is sharply drawn that preaching violence against the American government and its institutions and making a mob appeal is not within the limitations of free speech. Every American is an advocate of free speech, but not the destruction of the government under which he lives. The crisis at Seattle and the prompt action of Mayor Hanson indicates that the American people will not tolerate the insidious talk and acts of enemies within their gates. As one official said: "The lines must be sharply drawn, or the people will use ropes instead. This war has cost too much to allow cowardly slackers to defeat its purpose."

*What Would Boston be
Without Its Brain-food?*

SITTING at a "one-arm" chair restaurant opposite the Treasury Department, in the very chair where I had observed members of the Cabinet hurriedly lunching in days gone by, a discussion on beans was started. One of the participants in the debate was from the Department of Agriculture. It seemed like doubly re-inforced information when he remarked in his quiet way: "Beans will be much lower than last year, and will likely replace higher-priced foods."

Well, we had beans that day, tho they were still high in price. What sport the cartoonists do have with the humble bean. What would people say about Boston if there were no Boston beans to jest about? Even when the price was sky-rocketing, Boston remained loyal to her traditional dish. It is joyful news that the price of beans has dropped seven cents a pound at wholesale in one year, but sad news to "Beandom"—tell it not in Goth—that the California bean-growers insist that they will not sell their product if the price goes any lower. Old H. C. L. is getting nervous on account of these bean rumors. In the last analysis, it all depends upon how beans are baked.

Many a pilgrim, far from Boston town, with memories of the luscious "Boston baked" of Saturday night and Sunday morning, have found themselves the victim of something labelled "Boston Baked Beans." You must understand that a quarter of a pound of pork goes with a quart of beans. Boston-bred



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MISS KATHRYN OVERMAN

people miss the pork. Bean sandwiches, bean loaf and other bean by-products are coming more into favor as the prices get lower, and some day the cultured world will "know beans"—real Boston baked beans—"with the bag open or shut," if they will follow in the footsteps of the good old housewives of New England, and not forget the molasses and pork.

*Oriental Ruler's Portrait Finds
New Resting Place*

IN the Secretary of State's office, Counselor Polk holds forth as Acting Secretary. This is the same position (Counselor of the State Department) that Secretary Lansing filled when he was appointed Secretary of State. Some of the furniture from historic room 212 has been moved to Mr. Polk's ante-room. On the wall of the reception room is a picture of the Bey

of Tunis, sent to the United States with a note of sympathy from the ruler of Tunis when Lincoln was assassinated. This figure, attired in true oriental fashion, I have seen going the rounds in the dark corridors—once even adorning the outer room of Assistant Secretary Phillips. It came very near



Photo by Garo, Boston

MRS. JAMES JACKSON CABOT

Bride of Lieutenant Cabot, of the United States Aviation Service. The daughter of Commandant Willicm R. Rush of the Boston Navy Yard, who was married May 10

causing international complications when one irreverent official threw a pie at this painting, which left its mark on the canvas. The visitors certainly have something different to study while awaiting Mr. Folk.

Solomon Had Nothing on the Attorney-general

WHILE W. Murray Crane was chief executive of the Old Bay State, a debate was scheduled at Tufts College. The faculty desired to have Senator Crane, then Governor of the Commonwealth, act as one of the judges. He was not strong on attending these affairs, so he delegated the handsome and fluent Hon. Herbert Parker, then attorney-general of the state, to represent him upon the occasion.

The attorney-general was equal to the emergency. Later on he met the president of Tufts College on the train with Governor Crane, who in a jocular way remarked to his representative at the debate:

"I understand, Parker, that you awarded those prizes most satisfactorily."

"Yes, sir," assented the attorney-general, modestly.

"I also understand that it was the handsome girls who caught you. Awarding the prizes to the comely lasses showed your preference of beauty to brains."

The attorney-general was trying to kick the gubernatorial foot, but he continued:

"Well, Parker, it is well that you have an eye for beauty—if intellectual ability suffers."

Just then Parker blushing looked at the president of Tufts College.

"Yes, Governor, I did award the prizes on their merits, for the chief prize was awarded to the president's daughter, who is here to confirm my judgment and thank you."

After that the attorney-general got anything he wanted from the Governor.

*"Halifax, the Azores, Europe—
All Aboard! Last Call"*

THE very vernacular of the world is changing. It is now "hop off" when the aeroplanes cast off the lines for a dash to Europe. These craft have no ornate adornment—not even a poetic name. Under the cognomen of NC 2, off they go—the Azores next morning, and then are anxious and eager to sight the shores of Europe before sunset on the old-fashioned day of twenty-four hours that still remains to us.

*Doughboys Have Had Enough
of Europe, Thank You!*

IT has been interesting to talk with the boys returning from Europe and to ask whether they would like to return in the balmy days of peace and look over the battlefields. In scarcely an instance have I found a soldier who cared to see Europe again, with its sad memories and scenes of devastation, even in the lure of visiting places of historic interest. "Europe—never again!" they shout in chorus. The feeling seems to be that they have had their experiences. Even the glory of touristical travel seems to have no allurements.

*Shoulders Must be Back and
Heads Erect in Washington*

AN old Mammy was standing on a street corner of the "get-built-quick Wallingford" buildings in Washington. She met a friend. "Yo' know, Washington t'aint lak it used to be. Washington am just a jumbly mess o' people. Yo' don't know where's what, or where 'tis—it's jest a jumbly mess." This just expresses it. There has for many months existed a jumbly chaos in Washington, for no one knows where anybody is and moving days continue. You get the feeling of inspecting a "movie" location as you walk past the miles of temporary buildings and realize that now the great conflict is over they will all give way, and soon nothing will be left but memories of intense activities in these spots especially associated with the war. They may be pointed out to generations to come, but more likely in peaceful days they will drift back to the parks for leisurely strolls.

On the mall, fat and lean clerks were wont to struggle valiantly thru their daily drill, and even the women clerks took courses of military drill. The martial spirit during the war was pre-eminent in the capital, and even the proper Washington walk was more or less military. The old swaying, sagging attitudes of Ethel Barrymore days are gone forever. The girls realize that their shoulders must be back and heads erect, and as a result of their military drilling the next generation will see fair maidens, not with sloping shoulders, but squared out as if they wore epaulets, indicative of the masculine burdens they nobly bore during wartime days.

*G. O. P. Completes
Republican Women's Committee*

CHAIRMAN Will H. Hays, of the Republican National Committee, has, by his recent appointment of Miss Maude Wetmore of Newport, Rhode Island, given New England a representative on the Republican Women's National Committee. Miss Wetmore is a daughter of a former Governor of Rhode Island, and is very well known for her interest in reform

and patriotic organizations. Her recent war service as chairman of the National League for Women's Service made her notable thruout the country. The committee which has been formed to act with the Republican National Committee in securing the fullest participation of Republican women in party affairs is made up as follows: Miss Mary Garret Hay, New York; Mrs. Margaret Hill McCarter, Kansas; Mrs. Medill McCormick, Illinois; Mrs. Florence Collins Porter, California; Mrs. Josephine Corliss Preston, Washington; Mrs. Raymond Robbins, Illinois; Mrs. Thomas J. Carter, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. John G. South, Kentucky, and Miss Wetmore.

*Twenty-five Pounds Net Increase
in Weight of American Soldiers*

INTERESTING facts are given by the War Department concerning the increased weight of the soldiers of the American Expeditionary Force. According to estimates sent to army officials in Washington, thirty-two thousand pounds of weight in human flesh has been gained by the individual American soldiers in France. An average of over twenty-five pounds increase in weight is credited to every man who returned, as a result of outdoor activities and rigorous living in France. These facts have given some concern to food experts, who insist that every increase of twenty-five pounds means an increase of food per capita, that will aggregate a tremendous increase. What if it does? Let them eat, and still further develop the iron muscle that strikes hard, even if it does increase weight. The result is good hard muscle the boys gained in the training, which is not necessarily surplus flesh. The brawn developed in bayonet practice and hike drills, regular hours, open air, is the stern stuff that lads from twenty-one to thirty-one gather—not the flabby avoirdupois of fifty and over. In the days when President Roosevelt compelled regular army officers to ride and exercise to keep in trim, the soldiers were fighting obesity.

*"Keeping Everlastingly At It
Brings Success"*

WHEN the office seeks the man, the chances are that the man sought is the best one for the office. My old friend, Guy U. Hardy, Congressman from the third Colorado district, was not a candidate for the honor—indeed he was not even "among those present," when he became the unanimous choice of the Republican Congressional assembly. But having been drafted for service, he recognized the fact that there is no greater need for loyal and patriotic service at the present time than in Congress, and threw himself into the campaign with all his customary enthusiasm and thoroness.

He has a widely-recognized genius for organization and leadership, being either president or director or a member of the executive committee of more state, county, and civic associations, organizations and societies for the welfare and well-being and general amelioration and uplifting of the population of Colorado than I can enumerate. Moreover, he is the editor and publisher of the Canon City *Daily Record*, which is a whopping good small city daily, and during the war he devoted most of his time and energy to patriotic enterprises, being Food Administrator and a lot of other things. Therefore, he was already pretty well known thruout his Congressional district, which is a large one. He believed that the sovereign voters were entitled to the fullest information regarding himself, his candidacy, and the general issue before going to the polls to vote. So he set himself to work to get acquainted with the members of every household in his district. He visited eighteen of the twenty-two counties, traveling over two thousand miles by automobile, and, being a newspaper man and knowing the value of advertising, he staged a publicity campaign that would have sold Liberty Bonds to a Hottentot—if it had been Liberty Bonds that he was selling.

Hardy's opponent had been in office for six years. His fences were "bull strong, hog tight, and horse high," and his last plurality had been over nine thousand votes, and he didn't propose to relinquish the toga without a fight—no sir! Altogether it was a picturesque campaign—but what my friend Hardy did to his opponent was a-plenty.

I shouldn't wonder if he made a mighty good Congressman,

too. He is a conscientious and earnest worker, and the possessor of all the common or garden varieties of human virtues, and, moreover, he is a mighty good fellow—otherwise we wouldn't have gotten together at the meeting of the National Editorial Association at Hot Springs last year and elected him president, which is considered a distinguished honor among newspaper men. The only thing I have ever had against him is his Van Dyke whiskers—but that style is *de rigueur* in Colorado.

*Boston's "Silver-tongued" Speaker and
"Sweet Adeline" Singer Again in Congress*

THE personnel of the sixty-sixth Congress includes names that promise a piquant public interest. In the staid *Congressional Record* some names not so well known in the national arena have built up their local careers in such a way that their fame will readily radiate. There are others who are already known—and who are returning with the zest of new men. Among these is Hon. J. F. Fitzgerald, former member of Congress, later mayor of Boston, and now again a member of Congress. He was born in Boston fifty-two years ago, of Irish



GUY U. HARDY

Member of Congress from the third district of Colorado

parents. "Johnnie Fitz" has become known far and wide as the "champion Boston booster." Whether it is a baseball team, football match, or what not, when you think of "Fitz" you think of Boston. From early childhood he has been recognized as one of the most enthusiastic and forceful political leaders. He knows what he wants and acts quick, talks quick, and understands human nature. Incidentally he sings in a

"Carusonic" robust tenor "Sweet Adeline," and many troublesome gatherings, political premises, and other mass meetings, have been won to John F. Fitzgerald by the refrains of "Sweet Adeline." As mayor of Boston, "Bigger and Busier Boston" was his slogan from the drop of the hat. He was in Washington on March 4, 1919, and made the rounds with overcoat and hat



JOHN F. FITZGERALD
Newly elected Congressman from Massachusetts

in hand, greeted all his friends and colleagues with a knowing smile of "I'll be here with you soon." He was here, there, everywhere—on the House side and on the Senate side—and in the President's room—for Fitzgerald moves. He had a stubborn contest over his election, but he held firm and fast the friendship of Lomasney, the veteran leader, which means much in a close election in Boston town. The recent tribute of this intrepid political organizer emphasized the virtue of loyalty of "Johnny Fitz" thru thick and thin, as an ideal exemplar of party faith. Even at the very launching of his political career, Lomasney was Fitz's friend, and has continued as such all these years. As a stirring speaker, ready debater, and a champion pusher, Representative John F. Fitzgerald will not be required to furnish official roll-call records to prove to his constituents that he was in Washington.

*Brave Young Aviator
Falls to His Death*

THE recent death of Major David McKelvey Peterson by a short fall in his plane at Sea Breeze, Florida, will recall to many readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE the highly interesting letters he wrote while serving in the Lafayette Escadrille in France, telling of the stirring moments when he was duelling twenty thousand feet above the earth.

Before the United States entered the war young Peterson had eighteen victories to his credit. After America entered the war he added five more enemy planes to his list, and was the first to become an American ace.

He succeeded to the title of Premier American Aviator at the death of Major Raoul Lufberry. His advancement was very rapid, and he reached the rank of major within one year. He was commander of the 95th Aero Squadron to which

Quentin Roosevelt, son of the ex-President, was attached when he met his death.

Major Peterson was many times decorated for bravery and received the cross for extraordinary service near Luneville, May 3, 1918, when, leaving the patrol of three machines, he met a German force of five at an altitude of thirty-five hundred meters, shot down one, and dispersed the others. Again, he received the Oak Leaf for extraordinary heroism near Thiercourt on May 15, 1918, when on patrol duty alone he encountered two planes and attacked them, shooting down first one and then the other.

On May 16, 1918, while waiting to be decorated by a French general, Peterson made an ascent, encountered two planes and shot down both in one minute—firing sixty shots at the first and fifteen at the second—returning in time to take his place in line again without interrupting the ceremony.

With all his victories, young Peterson never lost the quiet modesty which was so much a part of his personality and which endeared him so much to his friends and companions.

Major Peterson had been home only a few weeks when, in making a short flight with a companion at Sea Breeze, Florida, his machine went dead at seventy-five feet in the air and he was killed by the fall.

Like many another young soldier hero of the present war, young Peterson lived a full life in the span of a few short years. Destiny stretched forth her hand, matured him in the mighty crucible of war, and placed him high in the glory of his country.



MAJOR DAVID MCKELVEY PETERSON
Premier American aviator who recently lost his life in the fall of his airplane in Florida



MOOSE WAR COMMITTEE ON BATTLEFIELD AT VERDUN

"Mother Mooseheart"

By THE EDITOR

FOR some years I was a member of the Loyal Order of Moose. I have always been a regular "joiner," and naturally an organization that had on its membership Theodore Roosevelt, in his prime, and many other eminent Americans, attracted me. Now I have begun to fully appreciate what led to the splendid response America made to the Allies. The spirit of loyalty and fraternity was kept active in American civic organizations. When James J. Davis became director-general of the Loyal Order of Moose and threw his whole energy into the organization as a life-work, it began to grow rapidly. The little Welsh lad who came to the United States in 1881, and at the age of eleven began working in the iron and steel works at Sharon, Pennsylvania, understood the hunger for fraternity among workers. He joined the Loyal Order of Moose and saw it grow from two hundred and forty-seven members to over five hundred thousand, in a few years.

Founded in 1888 at Louisville, Kentucky, when a small organization was formed among theatrical people for purely social purposes, the aims of Moose have since transcended the merely social. It is not the fact of its widespread membership and lodges in all parts of this country and even in foreign countries, that appealed to me most, nor yet alone was it the impressive facts of the organization's growth. At "Mooseheart" is to be found an expression of the Order's very soul and heart. "Mooseheart" is an inspiration. One thousand acres have been set aside to provide a real home for dependent, orphaned children of members. The selection of the site was made after the whole country had been looked over by the committee. The final choice was a farm located in beautiful Fox River valley, where the boys have the advantage of the best training in farming and industrial trades, as well as all the privileges of regular free home life. "Mooseheart" is in no way an institution. The single houses scattered here and there are called "halls." There is Alaska Hall, Purity Hall, Esther J. Davies Hall, Progress Hall and Wisdom Hall. They have a high school

building, and the farm itself is a center of the highest intensive agricultural development. Here nine thousand farmers were present at a wartime display of tractor work.

* * * * *

In Davies Hall I found twelve little children living like one family, with a matron, who was first a mother to them. The matrons are chiefly wives of Moose members who bring their families there, thus giving to the orphaned ones a home in the real sense of the word. One little girl said she was from Gloucester, and when I told her of my Boston home she said, "My mother is in Boston." They do not forget their mothers, altho they may not live with them. There are no uniforms. The girls wear dresses of all colors and styles and they are regular children. The boys know how to have "fun" with their work, and are "regular fellows." When one commits a misdemeanor, their own court passes judgment. This plan serves to prevent the children from taking advantage of liberties accorded them.

Down at the lake I found the boys building huts and camps—just like other boys—and some lived in caves. Over at the nursery many were having a contest in planting their own trees. They are close to nature. They are given all that a child loves and craves, with none of the institutional restrictions. In the evening the call came for dinner—like mother used to call—no ringing of bells—and how they did run! Yes, they are red-blooded children. They will pinch each other and do things children usually do, but every face radiates a happiness that will remain a life inspiration. The letters received from boys who have left "Mooseheart" tell better than words of its wonderful work. From here many young lads enlisted, for many of them as early as eighteen felt they must go out and do something for the country that had made possible such an organization as the Loyal Order of Moose.

There are now seventy-nine buildings in this home, and it would seem as if everything that could be provided for the development of the children of these sons and daughters of Moose has been done.

The spirit of preparedness and military training is dominant, and every moment is a busy one at "Mooseheart," for when they are not in school, they are in vocational classes, and to see these little children on that beautiful autumn day in the midst of the harvest was an inspiration.

"Mooseheart" might even be called "City of Childhood"—the realization of a dream, for, compared with the crowded, dingy streets of the city, its wide-open spaces make it seem just the place you would like to see the childhood of America nurtured.

* * *

A visit to "Mooseheart" reminded me of the Children's Year Campaign, by the Children's Bureau at Washington, to save one thousand babies in America by demonstrating what prevention means. There is one pre-eminent thing in a mother, and that is, to save and protect her child from illness. When every ounce of human strength and dollars were needed for the war, it was especially important to know that the first



ENTRANCE TO "MOOSEHEART"



CHRISTMAS TREE IN ONE OF THE DORMITORIES

essential is to keep the child well and to take from the shoulders of those with large families the heavy burdens of doctors and drugs which illness entails. The mothers of America today are beginning to understand how necessary it is for them to mobilize and help one another. The same spirit which used to prevail in the neighborhood has now become a national idea. It is simply following out the instincts of humanity.

"Mooseheart" is one of the places that has met and anticipated, far better than even its founders realized, the needs and necessities for the care and development of children, especially those fatherless and motherless ones who are rescued from the institutional life which has not proven entirely satisfactory in developing self-reliant and initiative citizenship. Upon the work of today and tomorrow, this year and next year, depends the country of tomorrow, and what a gratification it should be to every mother in America, who had a son in the army, to realize that her individual work and training, and the love that she has bestowed on that child, is the one thing that made America victorious. It is not the great statesman,

it is not the great leaders, but what a mother is doing and what is being done for the individual child of today; for, after all, victory comes to the nation with the highest-developed man-power—not physically, not even mentally—but the moral strength and fibre of individuality. Alertness and activity is but an evidence of capacity, but the hand of motherhood still molds the future and must be opened with generous impulses before it can receive permanent benefits.

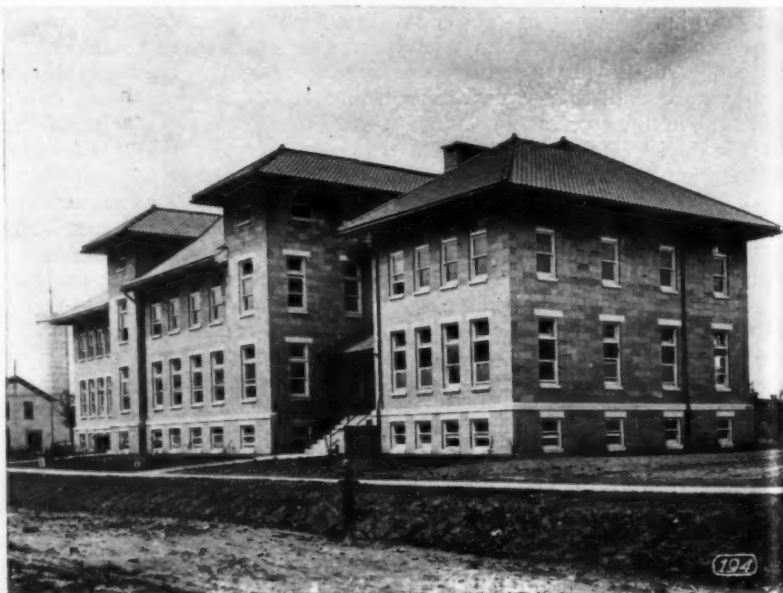
The Moose War Emergency Commission made a tour of Europe in looking after the wants of the members "over there." This work was conducted by Joseph A. Jenkins, and was the only fraternal organization carrying on its work without an appeal for public funds.

There is a Junior Order of Moose and a Woman's Auxiliary, which indicates how the work embraces the family circle. No wonder that the late Theodore Roosevelt, Vice-President Marshall and many other eminent men have become most deeply interested in the work of the Loyal Order of Moose.

The Order of Moose is proud of the credo given them by Elbert Hubbard when he said:

"I believe in the gospel of work, in the divinity of good health, in the exercise of patience, persistence, economy and good cheer.

"I believe that righteousness is only a form of



LOYALTY HALL, ONE OF THE DORMITORIES AT "MOOSEHEART"

commonsense, and that to be true and helpful and loyal and considerate is the best way to help yourself.

"I believe in flowers, gardens, good books, good women, babies, and every beautiful thing, whether expressed by word, deed, or material form."

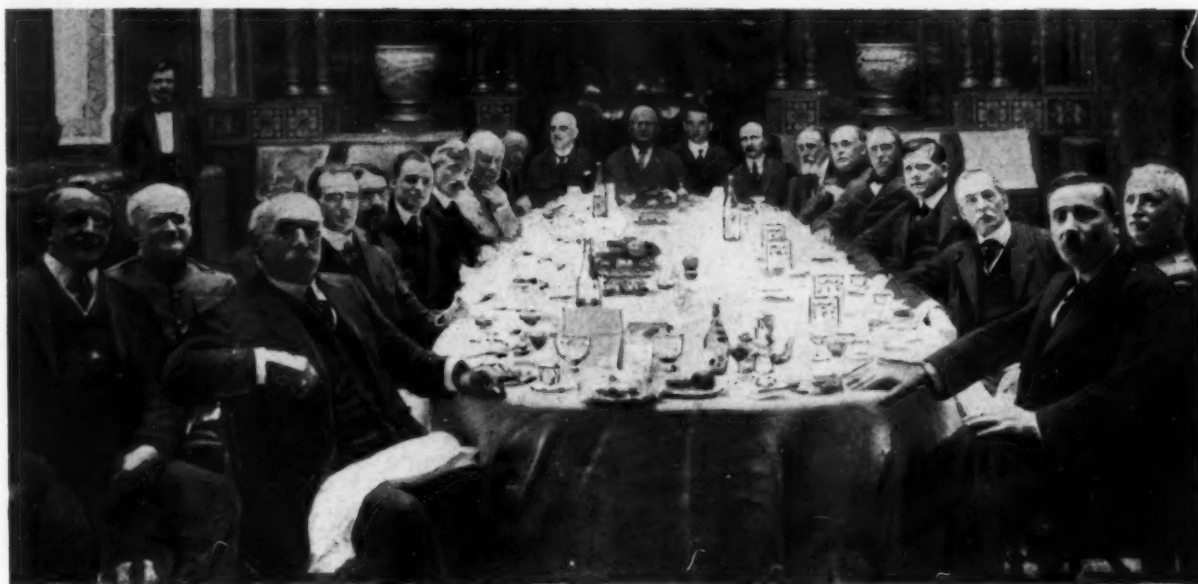
My first trip to "Mooseheart" was only a glimpse of a great tract of land, beautifully located, that had been secured for future development, and this being visualized by the founders created a fascination that remained an inspiring memory.

My second trip was during the mid-season of March. Even mud and snow could not submerge, but rather enhanced, the natural beauty of "Mooseheart." I can never forget my romp about the fields with the boys and girls in the center of this spot of rural charms, where a veritable city had risen as if by magic, with none of the stifling spirit of greed. The old Brookline farmhouse "by the side of the river," no longer isolated in the stillness of the fields, was now a landmark amidst a throbbing, living, pulsating life of youth, where five hundred children laughed, played, worked and lived in the full measured sense of the word. It was altogether the most distinctive educational center I have ever visited in world travels. In the tour of the building, at Industry Hall, naturally I visited first the printery,

blocks look like the granite of the eternal hills brought out of the bosom of this beautiful valley by the magic genius of man. These stately lamp posts outlining the grounds in the form of a heart, represent a state or province having boys or girls represented.

Altogether it was a vision of an embryo republic. After the allegiance to the flag and singing of the "Star Spangled Banner," the boys and girls moved to adjourn, with more dignity than the United States Senate. It is truly a boys' and girls' school in the truest sense of the word, where they are taught initiative, and permitted to develop all the virility and red-blooded energy that is within them.

Here was, to my mind, the bulwark of strength against the inroads of the Bolsheviks. On these broad acres the glory of toil was the first life lesson taught. The love and lure of work and honest labor is instilled into their minds from earliest childhood. It is not a question of education *en masse*, but every precaution is taken to develop those qualities of boys and girls with the same scientific care and thoughtfulness that is bestowed on trees, flowers, and fruits of the field. The large Holstein herd in the barn told the story of plenty of milk, and the bee hives revealed where the honey came from.



MOOSE WAR COMMISSION DINNER AT THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL, PARIS

and there saw boys struggling with the same problems I met in my "printer devil" days. The machine shop, piggery, poultry house and barns all had special points of interest for the children. I saw "Pinky" and all the other pets the children had grown to love. Then I saw them gliding over the glare of ice on the lake, as in summer I had visited the swimming pool. At the nursery the boys showed me how baby trees were started, and my monument remains there in the form of a tiny oak.

Here was the scroll of human nature unfolded, where children naturally and objectively learn to love those things worth while in life. In the senior assembly at five o'clock in the afternoon, I found the boys and girls passing on the demerits reported. One little fellow was defending himself like a veteran lawyer. If a swear word is overheard on the grounds, it is reported, and imagine my consternation when in my speech I let a little word of four letters slip out, and a chorus of "Oh" followed, which indicated that I had slipped and had a demerit coming to me that day. The brass band played "Stars and Stripes Forever." There were trumpeting trombones, shrieking clarinets, a crash of cornets, and beating of the drums that was soul-stirring, and brought me back to the time when I was a member of a village cornet band.

Here is a place with municipal equipment for a city of five thousand: water sewers and walks, all located on what was formerly a farm. Each lamp post is made of cement on the spot. The cement works, which furnishes the material for the buildings, produces the finest cement block in the world. The

Then, too, there is the handsome high school building of "Mooseheart," where a public school education in standard with all American schools is maintained. What will the future unfold when the graduates of "Mooseheart" look back in tender memory on the golden days of youth spent here with brothers and sisters, amid family ties of mothers and sisters that were never broken. It will strengthen the bonds of affection for their country and their home, beloved "Mooseheart," that develops the citizenship equal to the great responsibility of the new era following the great war.

At every meeting of the Moose lodges all over the world, "Mooseheart" is remembered. The clock strikes the hour of nine in silence—the hour when the little ones at "Mooseheart" are saying their evening prayers, and the toast is repeated: "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." May God bless "Mooseheart."

What else could be expected of an institution so enveloped in the tender remembrance and idealism of the strong, rugged men who have heard the "call of Moose" all over the land; whose first thought, as patriotic citizens, is for their families, the unit of the nation.

What an inspiration to realize that their little ones are protected, as are the families of departed brothers, whose children are being nurtured into the full measure of manhood and womanhood, amid the mellowing influences of "Mother Mooseheart."

A Yankee Prisoner in Hunland

Experiences of Private Clifford M. Markle, Medical Department, 102d United States Infantry, A. W. O. L. (absent without leave) as a prisoner seven months in Germany, covering the thrilling story of being captured, gassed, wounded, reported deceased, and serving in seventeen occupations

AFTER being under fire sixty days in what was called "a quiet sector," came the smash at Seicheprey, and during this time we had become accustomed to things moving a little swifter each day. The last thing I ever thought of on that foggy morning on April 20, 1918, was being taken prisoner by the Germans. None of the boys seem to think of that. The barrage started at three in the morning. It was cold, drizzling—damp. The boys shivered, not from fear, but from the biting winds that swept from Mount Sechs. For two hours the maddening box and rolling barrage continued, and then the noted Prussian shock troops, "Stosstruppen," appeared. It did not seem to us like a traveling "circus." Remember, this was only twenty-five kilometers, or twenty-one miles, from the strongly-fortified Metz. It seemed as if we were almost in the shadows of that Alsatian Gibraltar frontier post.

At five o'clock in the morning one of the fellows with a grim sense of humor was whistling "I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," but we were well "up" for several hours under a nervous tension in the dark, damp Remieres woods, and before daylight we realized that the Germans were on us. The French had fallen back, but claimed they had sent a liaison runner to warn us, but he had been killed, and before we were aware of it, two thousand Germans surrounded the little remnants of two companies holding the line.

When they blew down the door of the medical dugout we saw nothing but a wall of Germans reinforced with machine guns and flame throwers. There was but one decision among the quick-thinking American dough-boys. It was the day after the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, and this made April 20, 1918, the veritable Lexington of the world war, for here was the first battle in which Americans bore the entire brunt of the attack.

The very first thing they did was to rifle our pockets, take off our rubber boots, leather jerkins, gas masks, and one hundred and eighty-three men were compelled to walk in stocking feet over the barbed-wire entanglements which were fairly heaped with German dead. Bodies hung on wires like clothes lines, and both barrages were continued. Here we were in the midst of this gruesome cesspool of death, in the midst of barrages from both directions—prisoners of war. It all seemed so hopeless and helpless as the thought flashed thru my mind that perhaps we would never see our comrades again, now that we were in German hands.

We were regarded as curiosities by the German soldiers, who thought of the Americans as a cross between an Indian and a cowboy, as their conception of an American was gained from moving pictures depicting Wild West and Indian shows. The German commanders looked about with troubled faces, watching the Americans coming on like demons, inflicting a quicker and more decisive loss, despite the overwhelming numbers of infantry and machine guns. They relied on machine guns to stop the advance of the Americans, who did not seem to recognize they were there, but went right on, while the

casualties inflicted were four to one—and right here began to put the real fear of America in the hearts of the German soldiers.

For months some of the men were confined in German hospitals, as a result of the march in bare feet over the barbed-wire pathway to the German prison-land. Now we knew we were in German hands. They began stripping us of everything on our person—rings, watches, fountain pens, and money, but letters and Bibles were returned. We watched the Germans in the first line trenches waiting their "zero hour" to fill up the ranks which they saw being mowed down before them.

With three other comrades, I was delegated to help carry a wounded German soldier back to the aid station. To think that our first duty in prison-land was to carry a wounded Hun on a piece of canvas, swinging like the pendulum of a clock, throwing us off the balance as we passed thru shell holes filled with mud and water! The German first-aid men escorting us were armed to the teeth, with rifle, knife, and luger pistol, which suggested visions of Captain Kidd. These pistols were leveled at the back of our necks ready to blow our brains out if we made a false move. The quick-thinking Yankees could not make the observations desired, but they had it in their mind to leave the Fatherland at the first opportunity. When we left our wounded German at the aid station, there were no prayers for his rapid recovery, as he was transported to the narrow-gauge railway to a German base hospital behind the lines.

Our first work as German prisoners was carrying wounded, and how our arms, as well as our hearts, ached at what seemed an unholy occupation. In the third German line trench a *flamewerfer* (flame-thrower, liquid fire apparatus), was hoisted on my already weary back by an unsympathetic Hun. I weighed one hundred and twenty pounds, and they put one hundred pounds on my back to hike ten kilometers, and altho I had hiked with heavy packs in France, this was the longest of my life. As we passed thru Alsace the French people in the doorways, learning that we were Americans, started to weep on seeing us, for they seemed to know what fate was in store for the captives of the Huns. This scene came back to me seven months later, when, on our release from the prison camp, at the beginning of the armistice, tears were turned to cheers of "Vive l'Americain" as we marched on to Toul and to freedom.

It was the same day, but it seemed like years ago. When we reached Thierecourt we were driven into a church, like a flock of sheep, which made me think of the lines in "Evangeline" when the British drove the French Canadians of Arcadia into the village house of worship. We were not in a reverent mood as a pompous German general with a Kaiser mustache started in to air his English on us, but I will never forget his address. His words seemed almost a sacrilege within the walls of that edifice: "So you Americans call America a free country, do you? Well, it is not free, but Germany is, and you ought to be glad that you have been captured, as we shall soon demoralize America as we have France, England and Russia."



Copyright, C. E. Dallin

One thing more—if we ever run across your regiment again, we shall give no quarter, for today the flower of the German army has been severely shattered by your stubborn resistance against overwhelming odds." In the bright moonlight you could see the grin over the faces of the prisoners, and they almost felt like cheering his tribute to the American doughboys.

Now we began to realize that we might not have many days on this planet, but it did our heart good to hear the mettle of the American army conceded and proven in the wail of the German commander. He marched down the aisle in a lordly way, accompanied by his staff, and we had our first morsel of food since the evening before—black bread, barley soup, and a bit of bologna—but it tasted good. After our feast, post-cards were distributed with a message in English, short and to the point, "I am a prisoner in Germany." At the bottom were three words, "Well, Sick, Wounded," and we were to indicate

few naps before the German reveille. It was not necessary to waken us, for that was altogether an awakening night.

The guards closed in on us and marched us downstairs like criminals into the adjoining building, where we were handed a wash basin apiece containing what the Germans called coffee, but which was really made from ground acorns boiled down. The Americans called it "acorn water." With a bowl of this coffee and a small piece of bread, four by one inch, we were told this was our ration for the day. There was no drinking water served, only acorn water, and we had to wash in it and shave in it. After "breakfast" we were set to work carrying bricks, digging foundations, chopping wood, and shoveling coal, which continued until noon, when a wash basin of soup, known as "Kuhlrube," made of cow turnips, with an occasional lonesome bean or particle of stray fish, which the Germans said came to them from the North Sea or German ocean, to vary the meal.



This is a Hun portrait of defiance—a photograph of American soldiers taken prisoners at Seicheprey by the Germans, April 20, 1918, which was sent over the lines to the American general in an aeroplane to prove their game. General Pershing reported a few prisoners, and the German officers sent this very picture to identify, as real Americans, the men that they had captured, and even permitted them to unfurl the American flag on German soil during hostilities for picture purposes

our particular case. As these post-cards were to go home, many a wounded and sick man marked "Well," so the folks at home might not worry. They told us these cards were to be sent direct to Washington, but my card was received at home the following August, four months later.

Marching to Bahnhof, the railway station, thru streets lined with German soldiers of all types, we were the object of curious scrutiny, as if we had escaped from some menagerie, but much to our surprise scarcely a remark was made as we marched along.

At seven o'clock on this long, long day, we took the train to Conflans, which was already filled with prisoners of all the Allied nations—English, French, Italians, Belgians, Cossacks, Russians, Siberians, Roumanians, and Serbians, who were brought there to work behind the lines. The severely wounded were sent to the hospital, and about a hundred of us herded like cattle in two small rooms which contained some bed sacks sparsely filled with bits of paper, threads, and rags, a stove minus its fuel, two windows whose panes were covered with blankets to prevent any light shining thru them to betray the building to the Allied bombing airplanes flying overhead. Remember, this was still April 20th, and a chilly night. Only a few of us had overcoats, and there was little sleep. All I could do was to walk up and down all night and huddle over the stove and imagine there was heat within. When daybreak came we pulled down the blankets, rolled in them, and snatched a

It was very salty, and with no water to quench our thirst, our throats were so parched we could scarcely talk. In the afternoon the same work continued, and at six o'clock came another delicious bowl of acorn water served to the half-starved Americans. Tired and weary, we prisoners soon passed into dream-land, with visions of ice cream to soothe the palate, pies, and dainties of the dear old homeland.

There seemed to be an exhilaration in the reception given us in the morning, and we were asked our names, ranks, and originations, and names of father and mother—and one German who was at first roundly abused, afterwards made the plea that he was drafted. Then he was kindly cared for, but ignored by his comrades. The German officials said they wished to cable all the news to Washington thru the Red Cross in Switzerland, giving all data concerning we little lost "Charlie Rosses." It relieved our minds to know that they recognized we were living, if nothing more, no matter on what slender hope that living depended.

Here is where we had our pictures taken, not for the Rogues' Gallery, but "Portraits Defiance," to be sent to General Pershing. It had been reported that he had denied the loss of one hundred and eighty-three prisoners whose names had been kindly furnished by airplane message. The portraits of about one hundred were taken and sent by airplane over to the Americans. Pershing never would claim a specified number, but the Germans made it one hundred and eighty-three, and

there were one hundred of us there to show for it, but those one hundred and eighty-three were said to be the most costly capture made during the war.

On the third day after the battle at Seicheprey we were duly and truly de-coaterized. A German minister with a long, grim face interviewed group after group of us, asking us "Why American entered the war." He said "America entered the war because of the money she had lent England and France, and had to go to war to save it." Everywhere the retort came to him, "We went to war because of the looting of Belgium and the sinking of the *Lusitania*," and before he got thru with it the German dominie knew something more of American sentiment than ever before. This minister was, undoubtedly, a spy sent among us to get information which the officers were unable to obtain. We were rather proud of the distinction of having our pictures sent thru the air to be sent back home to the relatives of one hundred smiling faces in the grim prospect of a prison camp. As one German remarked, "They grin, but they show their teeth, and I don't like that."

Again on the move for a German prison camp at Darmstadt. Passing thru Metz, a large crowd assembled to verify the unbelievable rumors that American troops were actually on the firing line. The Germans insisted at first that they were English in American uniforms, but when one skulking German made an offensive remark, the quick fist of the Yank made an American punch. Here occurred the only occasion where I observed the iron discipline of the German army violated. A lieutenant-doctor who was captured with us while caring for the wounded in an aid station at Seicheprey was marching back of me. We were completely surrounded by guards with fixed bayonets, but it was this fact which undoubtedly saved the life of the lieutenant. An intoxicated German soldier standing along the line of march made a thrust at the lieutenant with his bayonet, at the same time shouting "*Verdamnte Amerikaner*," but the guard parried the murderous blow with the butt of his own rifle, and saved the doctor's life. After that we could not fail to have respect for the German guard on duty.

At Darmstadt we were asked our occupations, and naturally thought the work would be determined according to the answers. Thru bitter experience one of the doughboys learned, as he announced himself as a traveling salesman, and was assigned to a coal mine. Another who had signed up as a farmer and day laborer remained in camp on Red Cross committees. They seemed to go on the theory that every American was a liar. A large number of the soldiers announced themselves as salesmen; in fact, there were more salesmen in the American Expeditionary Force than anything else, and a good many were truly "sold." Here we welcomed like old friends a few Americans who had been captured previous to the fateful April 20th, some Italians, Russians, and French—but the prison population was chiefly five thousand French. The Americans always showed spirit and were known as "kickers."

Candidly, the quarters were clean and airy, and we had old blankets and the traditional bowl of soup. There were no spoons, so we made them out of wood from the walls of the barracks. But that faucet with running water seemed like the eternal Fountain of Youth, and to think that it was fit to drink without boiling or chlorinating! During the month we received four inoculations and one vaccination by a skilled German doctor, who was a returned prisoner of war. The Germans paid well for him, giving two French doctors and ten French Red Cross men, for this doctor whose work was valued by the Germans.

Morning after morning came "acorn water" and a small ration of black bread, our food for the day, when work started at seven in the morning, ending at six at night. The dreaded detail was shoveling coal, but every lad had his crack at the coal pile—and there did not seem to be any shortage of coal from the way they piled the work on us.

We were located near a large aviation field, and there was a detail of fifty men to work there all day. It was here that we discovered the devoted admiration for the Crown Prince, and day after day we saw young aviators go up and disport them-

selves before his eyes. Day after day four or five were killed while amusing His Royal Highness. This camp was established in 1914, and the French had long ago adapted themselves to conditions. The food from home, as well as from the government, coming thru the Red Cross via Switzerland, arrived daily for assortment and distribution. The assortment of these packages was considered the high honored position in the camp, and fortunately they were behind in their work and they called for Americans to help. The storehouse was piled up with undistributed packages, and our detail arrived early and remained late, getting an early start each morning at five o'clock.

It was a motley spectacle. Here were some of us clad in Russian uniforms, that looked as if they might breed old Bolshevik bugs; others in old French costumes, some in remnants of Serbian costumes, and many of us wearing wooden shoes in which we stumped around clumsily. We opened the packages, the Germans inspected their contents, and we then replaced the articles and tied up the packages. There were pathetic little pieces of soap, biscuits, wearing apparel, chocolate, potatoes, macaroni, tea, coffee, sugar, rice, salt, pepper, beans, and tobacco. Altho nearly every package was supposed to contain biscuits, the biscuits were appropriated by the Hun. Cigarette papers were removed for fear messages might be sent to the prisoners on the papers. There was no temptation for us to steal any of that food, even for our own use, for the French were our allies, and we felt it would be unworthy to take a crumb that had been sent to our comrades in arms. Here was where the French committee dined us royally on macaroni, chocolate, and coffee.

Our American and Red Cross supplies reached us the first week in August, and I never ceased to bless the work of the American Red Cross, as they kept coming regularly and made our monotonous and dreary existence more endurable.

The time passed very quickly, for we felt we were in contact with real messages from home as we handled these little souvenirs of loving and affectionate remembrance. Indeed, this was the only respite we had from the hardest kind of manual labor during seven months of prison life in Germany. The rest of the time we were unloading cars of potatoes, laying narrow-gauge railways at the aviation camp, breaking rock, carting rubbish and digging holes to provide a place for the rubbish. Somehow, even in the worst of this, we became accustomed to the work and were buoyed up with the hope that this would end. There never was a time when the Americans did not know what the outcome of the war would be, and they were quick to detect in the days preceding the armistice that the end was drawing near. The German newspapers which I was privileged to read admitted the futility of further resistance against the Allies, now that America had entered the war. It was here we began to see the division in the German people, some of them still retaining their loyalty to the Kaiser, and others, inspired by Socialist leaders, were outspoken in murmurs against the Kaiser and the Junkers.

From the camp at Darmstadt I went to Limburg, and there realized what the real flavor of Limburg is in camp, and I will never eat cheese again. From Limburg I went to a leather factory where they made leather out of bark of trees, with a sprinkling of leather, and here is where I began wearing paper trousers, and woe betide any carelessness, and when the rain came there was speedy disillusion.

War posters (German) were pasted up in all the factories, one advocating support of war loans, side by side with a socialist poster denouncing war expenditures.

I wore the same glasses all thru the war, and my Testament also accompanied me thru my entire adventure. No jokes were cracked by the Germans during my entire sojourn.

I was the only American prisoner for the months of June and July in the neighborhood. We were permitted to write one letter every two weeks, but seldom furnished with paper to make use of the privilege.

One night at the wire mill I discovered the theft of my apron, which was an old sack, and the cloths that I used for covering my hands, as I handled hot wire. This (Continued on page 234)

Millions Dying of Famine in Russia

By PETER MACQUEEN

Special Correspondent in Paris for the NATIONAL MAGAZINE



HAVE had a long interview with Major Boyard of the French army, who has just returned to France with a report of his work in Russia and Siberia. Major Camille Boyard was French consul at Ekaterinburg, Siberia, during the Bolshevik regime there. He also accompanied the Czecho-Slavic army across the Urals into Europe to Perm, a city on the Kam, a river, where he fought and expelled the Bolsheviks, as he was commanding a battalion of loyal Russians.

Major Boyard rescued some of the victims of Bolshevik atrocity. His report will come before the Allies, and, while I am not allowed to quote from his report, the Major gives me leave to send over by mail a resumé of his impressions. The story of Bolshevik Russia is one so ghastly and revolting that it seems even now incredible.

But this reliable witness for the French government traversed Russia from Petrograd to Vladivostok. He met the leading men of Russia, associated with the peasants, traveled with the Bolsheviks, reported to the French Ambassador, Newlands, at Vologda, and gave his facts to our American Ambassador, Francis.

Some of his views are as follows: "In the days of Kerensky, a small allied army of fifty thousand, or one hundred thousand, well equipped with food, guns, horses, ammunition, including good artillery, could have established law and order thru the length and breadth of Russia. Today intervention by way of Siberia is impossible. The rolling stock of the railway is going to pieces so that in a few years, if things go on as they are, there will be no longer any Siberian railroad, and the whole vast domain east of the Urals will go back into the Stone Age.

"When I crossed Siberia, two months ago, there were no regular coaches, but passengers travel in freight cars. Being a French official, I was given a small car, one of the few that remain. When anything went wrong with the car I had to repair it myself. When an engine breaks down, they roll it off the rails and leave it to rust into destruction. Since the Allies stopped fighting in Siberia, Bolshevik conductors are on the trains even down to Harbin. I found this out on my way across to Vladivostok.

"The thermometer was forty degrees below zero Fahr. Very little coal or wood existed along the line. In the towns every room is crowded with refugees from central Russia. Even the railway depots are covered over their floors with people homeless and foodless. The women who give birth to children cannot feed their offspring. Their breasts dry in a month or two and the child dies. There is no milk of the cow. In all Bolshevik Russia I did not find one child alive under one year of age. That is to say: every child born in Bolshevik Russia is born to

EDITORIAL NOTE: Mr. MacQueen has acted as special correspondent of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for the past twenty years. During that time there has been no happening of great public interest in any part of the world where he has not been present. He is thoroly informed upon every phase of European politics and sociology, and the NATIONAL congratulates itself upon being able, at this critical time in world history, to present to its readers the following opportune and authentic account of conditions in unhappy Russia, where the black shadow of Bolshevism lies like a destroying blight on human kind.

certain death in its first year on this account.

"You must remember," continued the Major, "that I was a year in and out among the Bolsheviks. It was my business to do nothing else but find out facts. In Moscow there might be a semblance of government close to Lenine and Trotzky, but in rural Russia no law exists at all. Lenine and

Trotzky are remarkable men. In the opinion of their followers they compare to Roosevelt and Wilson. All their lives they have studied the doctrines of communism and anarchy. They are men of superb brains, iron will, and absolutely devoid of any emotion or principle.

"There are perhaps a hundred of the intelligent Bolsheviks who are also men of high principle. All the rest of the leaders are clever scoundrels who will not work and will not let other men work. Moreover, the Bolsheviks treat all people as outlaws who do not belong to their party or who are not employees of Bolsheviks. There are few intelligent men in Russia, as you know, so that all the nation will in the end bow to Lenine and Trotzky."

I asked Major Boyard about the peasants and the sowing of the fields this year. His reply was:

"I made an exhaustive study of that subject and have found out that last year's crops are hidden in the ground. The peasants have hidden enough grain for their needs in 1919. They will not plant this spring. They have already refused. The Bolshevik people have told them there is no need to work, and the poor fellows believe anything. Meanwhile the Bolsheviks are trying to find the hidden cereals of

the peasants. They apply tortures which remind us of the Germans in Belgium. They put, say, ten men up against a wall to be shot. Then they kill perhaps only one man at a time. The others are cruelly tortured till their executioners finally shoot each one. They probably learned this from the Germans.

"I rescued some men when my part of the army took Perm. These poor men would shake and tremble and look on every side of them for days. I opened graves of some of the victims. Their eyes had been cut out; their noses cleft, and other mutilations of the most degenerate sort had been performed. I found men buried alive standing on their feet, among them the Bishop of Perm. They put the victim in the ground buried up to the shoulders. Then they insult him, beat him on the head, slash his face and inflict worse torture than the American Indians ever dreamed of. All this because the man lived in a decent house, or has not subscribed to their infamous doctrines. His wife and daughter they outrage and then make her work in the trenches like a beast till she dies. The good houses of the "bourgeoisie," homes of the intelligent men, thus brutally murdered, are confiscated. An (Continued on page 235)



COMMANDANT CAMILLE BOYARD
French Commissioner to Siberia



SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON, SCENE OF THE LODGE-LOWELL DEBATE

The Lodge-Lowell "League of Nations" Debate



WITH memories of the Lincoln-Douglas debate on the prairies of Illinois, Boston people were on tiptoe anticipating the Lodge-Lowell debate ("L.-L.-D.")—a discussion between Senator Henry Cabot Lodge and President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard College on the question of the "League of Nations." The contestants were life-long friends. The challenge from the aggressive and distinguished executive of Harvard was too much for the militant Senator from Massachusetts, and he accepted. Symphony Hall, Boston, was decided upon as the arena where the intellectual gladiators should meet and expound their views of this most important subject. The two principals provided for the expenses, and there was a rush for tickets extending from Maine to California. The debaters found at least seventy-five thousand friends represented in applications for seats in a hall that would not accommodate three thousand. There were correspondents from English and French papers. The wires were ready for the rapid-fire of words as they fell from the lips of the speakers. All the New York star reporters were sent over to cover the event—while the sporting editors from Chicago were on the job. It was a rainy night, and Symphony Hall nestled in a blaze of fog-dimmed light among the snail-like moving machines. The policemen kept back the crowds that surged with hope against the ropes, wishing that there might be one chance of passing the portals beyond. The galleries resembled the decks of a home-coming steamer—all anxious to catch a glimpse of the contestants. Even the thunderous tones of the ponderous pipe organ seemed to catch the peace-parley spirit of the gayety of nations, and syncopated melodies suggested good old ragtime—shocking to classic Symphony fans. The leaders in khaki appeared and everybody sang "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "The Star Spangled Banner" with fervor and enthusiasm.

Looking from the stage into the vast audience it was a study in physiognomy to watch the mouths and facial expressions of the people as they sang—they were all trying to do

their best—and like the Arizona pianist, were out of tune—but the spirit of the "dawn's early light" was there.

Down the platform came Governor Calvin Coolidge with the debater-combatants in good form. Senator Lodge in a trim and neat cutaway business suit, as he always appeared on the floor of the Senate. President Lowell, attired in evening clothes, with white tie, and radiant in expectation, was the ardent advocate of culture.

Senator Lodge opened the debate, and the record of that debate is worth preserving. He covered his points, as usual, in well-turned phrases.

President Lowell followed with notes, taking off his glasses now and then by way of emphasis. He was right there with his points, sometimes going at a speed of three hundred words a minute.

It would seem that there was not a phase of the League of Nations that was not covered in the discussion. To one on the sidelines it did not seem as if there was a wide variance of opinion of the league between the debaters. It was a matter of amendment and revision in the way of a league that would work and could be understood.

When President Lowell challenged Senator Lodge as to whether he would vote for a League of Peace if properly amended and asked him if he would send such an amendment as he thought proper to Paris, he opened the way for Senator Lodge's strong rebuttal. The Senator insisted that the Senate had long been waiting an opportunity, calling attention to the fact that President Wilson was the first President in the history of the country to ignore constitutional methods. He made a plea for the specific mention of the Monroe Doctrine, which was later heeded at Paris. There was irony in his statement that no man was too great to follow in the footprints of Washington and Abraham Lincoln. President Lowell was most happy in his reply to the different points the Senator had been explaining, insisting that the Leagues of People did not necessarily mean war. In fact, the opposite results may (Continued on page 220)



MOUNT HOOD, FROM A TIMBERED PARK IN THE OREGON NATIONAL FOREST

National Forests *as* Recreation Grounds

By S. R. WINTERS



QBEDIENCE to the home-made injunctions, "Travel Abroad at Home" and "See America First," is proving costly to the guides and inn-keepers of Italy and Switzerland. And why shouldn't the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, the Devil's Post Pile National Monument, or National Forests of the United States share honors with the rarest landscapes of all Europe?

The sometimes accepted version that the greenest grass lies on the remote hill, always just ahead, will not bear critical analysis. The unsoundness of this theory finds striking proof in the movement to "See America First" as applicable to the immense domain under the control of the United States Forest Service. The fact that more than three million persons reveled in the beauties of America's landscape in a year even brings into disrepute the phrase "distance lends enchantment to the view"—when a big pond intervenes.

Manifested public appreciation of the facilities for recreation in the National Forests gathers strength in the computation that three million Americans spent an aggregate of seventy-five million recreation hours within a twelve-month period. When translated in terms of the price of a cheap movie—ten cents—had Uncle Sam levied a tax of ten cents an hour, the government coffers would have been enriched by \$7,500,000.

But not unlike the days when the Indians roamed at will, hunting the buffalo with complete abandon, the National Forests are inviting haunts—and without price. The fixing of government boundaries and the entry of the automobile into the enticing wildness hasn't modified the realistic beauty of the Santa Fe lake or blunted the old cliff dwellings.

Moreover, Frank Waugh, a landscape architect, says: "If one had the wildest fjord of Norway brought inland and filled with sweet and quiet waters, or if one had Lake Brien of Switzerland extended to a length of fifty miles, one would have a possible competitor for Lake Chelan; but until such improvements in terrestrial topography can be made, this lake is unique. It is, in short, and without exaggeration or qualification, one of the best landscapes in the world."

For many years the Mecca of Eastern mountain lovers has been the Rockies. For many years the name has summed European ideas of American mountain grandeur. Yet it was not until 1915 that a particular section of the enormous area of magnificent and diversified scenic range thus designated was chosen as the representative of the noblest qualities of the whole. This is the Rocky Mountain National Park.

And it is splendidly representative. In nobility, in calm dignity, in the sheer glory of stalwart beauty, there is no mountain group to excel the company of snow-capped veterans of all the ages which stands at everlasting parade behind its grim, helmeted captain, Longs Peak.

There is probably no other scenic neighborhood of the first order which combines mountain outlines so bold with a quality of beauty so intimate and refined. Just to live in the valleys in the eloquent and ever-changing presence of these carved and tinted peaks is itself satisfaction. But to climb into their embrace, to know them in the intimacy of their bare summits, and their flowered, glaciated gorges, is to turn a new and unforgettable page in experience.

The National Forests embrace a total area of 156,000,000 acres—four and one-half times the whole of New England, or an area commensurate with the combined states of Louisiana, Alabama, Florida, Georgia and Mississippi, or to a block of central states composed of Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio. The forests are distributed thru twenty-two states. Historically, the National Forests were originally created for purposes of recreation.

The Yellowstone National Park is the largest and most widely celebrated of our national parks. It is a wooded wilderness of thirty-three hundred square miles. It contains more geysers than are found in the rest of the world together. It has innumerable boiling springs whose steam mingles with the clouds.

It has many rushing rivers and large lakes. It has waterfalls of great height and large volume. It has fishing waters unexcelled.



DEVIL'S POST PILE—NATIONAL MONUMENT

It has canyons of sublimity, one of which presents a spectacle of broken color unequalled. It has areas of petrified forests, with trunks standing. It has innumerable wild animals which have ceased unduly to fear man; in fact, it is unique as a bird and animal sanctuary.

It has great hotels and many public camps. It has two hundred miles of excellent roads.

In short, it is not only the wonderland that common report describes; it is also the fitting playground and pleasure resort of a great people; it is also the ideal summer school of nature study.

Hunting, fishing, hiking, packing, automobiling, camping and picknicking are the forms of diversion. Trails measured in terms of hundreds of miles traverse forests of California, Oregon, Washington, Colorado and Montana. Pedestrians and pack animals follow the course of these trails, while wagon traffic and automobiles use accessible roadways.

Picknickers find pleasurable spots to tarry for days and even weeks. Whether it is the Big Hole battlefield, near Wisdom, Montana, or at Eagle Creek in the Oregon Forest, the picknicker finds the picturesque scenery quite the satisfying thing. By the thousands, campers and those affected by the wanderlust search and find contentment.

A small but imposing aggregate of the scenery of the Glacier National Park is available to the comfort-loving traveler. There are two entrances, each with a railroad station. The visitor choosing the east entrance, at Glacier Park, will find auto-stages to Two Medicine Lake, St. Mary Lake, and Lake McDermott.

At the railway station and at Lake McDermott are elaborate modern hotels with every convenience. At Two Medicine Lake, at St. Mary and Upper St. Mary Lakes, at Cut Bank Creek, at Lake McDermott, at Gunsight Lake, at a point below the Sperry Glacier, and at Granite Park are chalets or camps, or both, where excellent accommodations may be had at modest charges.

The visitor choosing the west entrance, at Belton, will find camps and chalets there, and an auto-stage to beautiful Lake McDonald, where there is a hotel of comfort and individuality in addition to public camps.

There is boat service on Upper St. Mary Lake and Lake McDonald.

But if the enterprising traveler desires to know this wonderland in all its moods and phases, he must equip himself for the rough trail and the wayside camp. Thus he may devote weeks, months, summers to the benefiting of his health and the uplifting of his soul.

Shifting the scene to the National Monuments—eleven in number—the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in northern

AN AUTOMOBILE CAMPER IN
PIKE NATIONAL FOREST

Equipped with the nimble "Lizzie," a tent and a camp stove, the lover of out-door life can roam at will, independent of hotels, guides, railroads and stage coaches, and the trammels of a fixed itinerary





LOS ANGELES MUNICIPAL CAMP—ANGELES NATIONAL FOREST

Arizona is entitled to an unchallenged supremacy. "By consent of the civilized world this stands enrolled as one of the foremost wonders of creation," vouchsafes a professional landscape architect. "It exhibits beyond all dispute those qualities which have thus far generally controlled in the making of our national parks."

Mesa Verde National Park is in the extreme southwestern corner of Colorado, and is reached by two routes from Denver. A night is usually spent en route, and the ruins are reached by wagon, horseback, or automobile from Mancos.

Apart from the ruins, the country is one of much beauty and interest. The highest spot on the Mesa is Point Lookout, 8,428 feet in altitude. The mesa's western edge is a fine bluff two thousand feet above the Montezuma Valley, whose irrigation lakes and brilliantly green fields are set off nobly against the distant Rico Mountains. To the west are the La Salle and Blue Mountains in Utah, with Ute Mountain in the immediate foreground.

The views are inspiring, the entire country "different." In the spring the entire region blooms. It used to be a country of wild animals, and at times deer are still plentiful.

Nature's forest masterpiece is John Muir's designation of the giant tree after which is named the Sequoia National Park in middle eastern California. Here, within an area of two hundred and thirty-seven square miles, are found several large groves of the celebrated *Sequoia gigantea*, popularly known as the Big Tree of California.

More than a million of these trees grow within the park's narrow confines, many of them mere babes of a few hundred years, many sturdy youths of a thousand years, many in the young vigor of two or three thousand years, and a few in full maturity. The principal entrance is Visalia, California.

Half a dozen miles away is the General Grant National Park, whose four square miles were set apart because they contained the General Grant tree, second only in size and age to the patriarch of all, the General Sherman tree.

On Sequoia's favored slopes grow other monsters, also. It is the park of big trees of many kinds; and it is the park of birds.

The Sequoia National Park is the gateway to one of the grandest scenic areas in this or any other land. Over its borders to the north and east lies a land of sublime nobility whose wild rivers and tortuous canyons, whose glacier-carved precipices and vast snowy summits culminating in the supreme altitude of Whitney, will make it some day surpassed in celebrity by none.

Of the 1,156,000 sequoias, young and old, which form these groves, twelve thousand exceed ten feet in diameter. Muir states that a diameter of twenty feet and a height of two hundred and seventy-five is perhaps the average for mature and favorably-situated trees, while trees twenty-five feet in diameter and approaching three hundred in height are not rare.

The General Sherman tree is the oldest living thing. At the birth of Moses it was probably a sapling. Its exact age cannot be determined without counting the rings, but it is probably in excess of thirty-five hundred years. This looks back long before the beginning of human history. When Christ was born, it was a lusty youth of fifteen hundred summers.

Municipal playgrounds are not an exclusive institution for those of sedentary habits—here in the forests they have been developed to a superb degree. A notable instance is the effort of the city of Los Angeles, California, in developing a twenty-three acre mountain tract on Seeley Creek Flats in the Angeles National Forest. Sixty-one summer bungalows, built on an elevation of 3,500 feet, are capable of accommodating from two to six persons each. A water supply, sanitary equipment, cement swimming pool and tennis courts are among the facilities accessible.

Summer colonies, permanent camps, and even permanent communities have sprung up as an abiding testimonial to the truism that man made the city, but that the great, big out-of-doors is the creation of God.

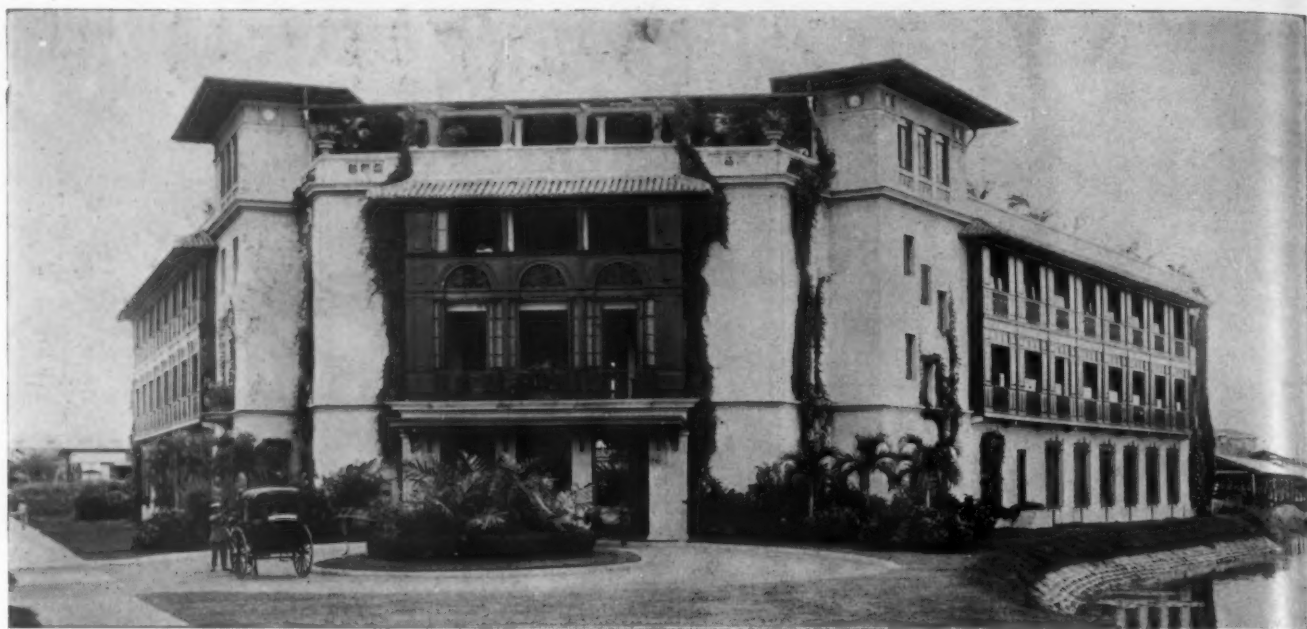


Photo by courtesy of Bureau of Education, Manila, P. I.

GIRLS' DORMITORY—PHILIPPINE NORMAL SCHOOL AT MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

The Philippines *and* the League of Nations

By MANUEL L. QUEZON

President of the Philippine Senate and Chairman of the Philippine Mission

Prepared expressly for the NATIONAL MAGAZINE

INDEPENDENCE, the great ideal of the Filipino people, is now, as ever, the supreme goal toward which they aspire. For years they have been laboring for this cause. During the recent war, in which America has played so great and so successful a role, the Filipino people, "with fine self-restraint," to use the words of Secretary Baker, "refrained from active discussion of this question, deeming it inopportune at the time, and threw all of their energies and all of their resources into the common scale with the people of the United States," in the firm belief that the war espoused by America was peculiarly their war—a war for their rights, for their own independence—inasmuch as it was the avowed object of the people of this country to wage a war against autocracy for the right and liberty of nations, whether small or great. Now that this war has so happily come to an end, the people of the Philippine Islands feel that the day is here when they should bring before the Government and people of the United States the question of their national independence in the confident expectation that it will receive proper recognition and just and speedy solution.

There are two main reasons why Philippine independence should be granted at this time. In the first place, the conditions imposed by the Government of the United States as necessary prerequisites to the granting of our independence have been fulfilled—namely, that a stable government may be established in the Islands. In the second place, the recognition of Philippine independence is the logical sequel, the inevitable consequence to the stand taken by the United States in the recent world war.

I shall now briefly refer to some of the conditions in the Islands which furnish ground for the assertion that there is now a stable government which will be maintained under an independent Philippine Government. Peace and order reigned thruout the archipelago under this government, which in practice was maintained wholly by Filipino officials. During the war the United States had to call practically every American soldier from the Philippines, and the Filipinos not only kept peace and order during this time within the boundaries of the Philippines, and thereby supported the American flag, but went even further. They placed their National Guard at the

disposal of the Federal Government for service in Europe, and out of their modest resources they over-subscribed their quota of every liberty loan, they contributed liberally to the Red Cross, and they offered a submarine and a destroyer to the United States.

There are some critics who assert that once the strong hand of the United States is withdrawn from the Islands, popular education will be abandoned. Such critics, of course, forget or are ignorant of the fact that, prior to American occupation of the Islands, one of the most insistent requests made by Filipino leaders in Spain was the extension of popular education, and that amongst the first laws enacted by the Philippine republic during its short existence, was the establishment of compulsory universal education in the Philippines.

Filipino parents, in order to provide for the education of their children, do not hesitate to make all kinds of sacrifices. The people as a whole are a unit in their desire to promote the interests of education in the Islands. As an eloquent proof of the attitude of the people toward the public schools, and as an indication of the fate of education in Filipino hands, mention may be made of the fact that in the last session of the Philippine Legislature, a legislature composed entirely of Filipinos, the largest single appropriation for educational purposes was voted, and thru this appropriation a plan has been devised whereby inside of six years every child of school age in the Philippines will be given an opportunity for education.

In other lines of activity, the progress made under this reorganized government is equally marked. The financial progress of the country is marvelous. The total foreign commerce of the Philippines in 1913 was \$107,685,742, with a balance against her of \$5,500,000, while last year, 1918, her foreign commerce reached \$234,231,747, with a balance of trade in her favor of \$37,883,324, or an increase of \$133,196,000 of the 1918 trade over that of 1913, an increase of 131 per cent from 1913 to 1918.

With respect to our monetary circulation, we had, in 1913, or a year before the war, \$25,348,626, or \$2.76 per capita, while at present we have in circulation \$66,301,484, or \$6.74 per capita. Our total bonded indebtedness amounts to only \$20,125,000, of which more than \$4,000,000 has already been set aside to pay it.



Photo by courtesy of Bureau of Education, Manila, P. I.

BOYS ATTENDING THE SIXTEEN PROVINCIAL TRADE SCHOOLS OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS RECEIVE PRACTICAL VOCATIONAL TRAINING

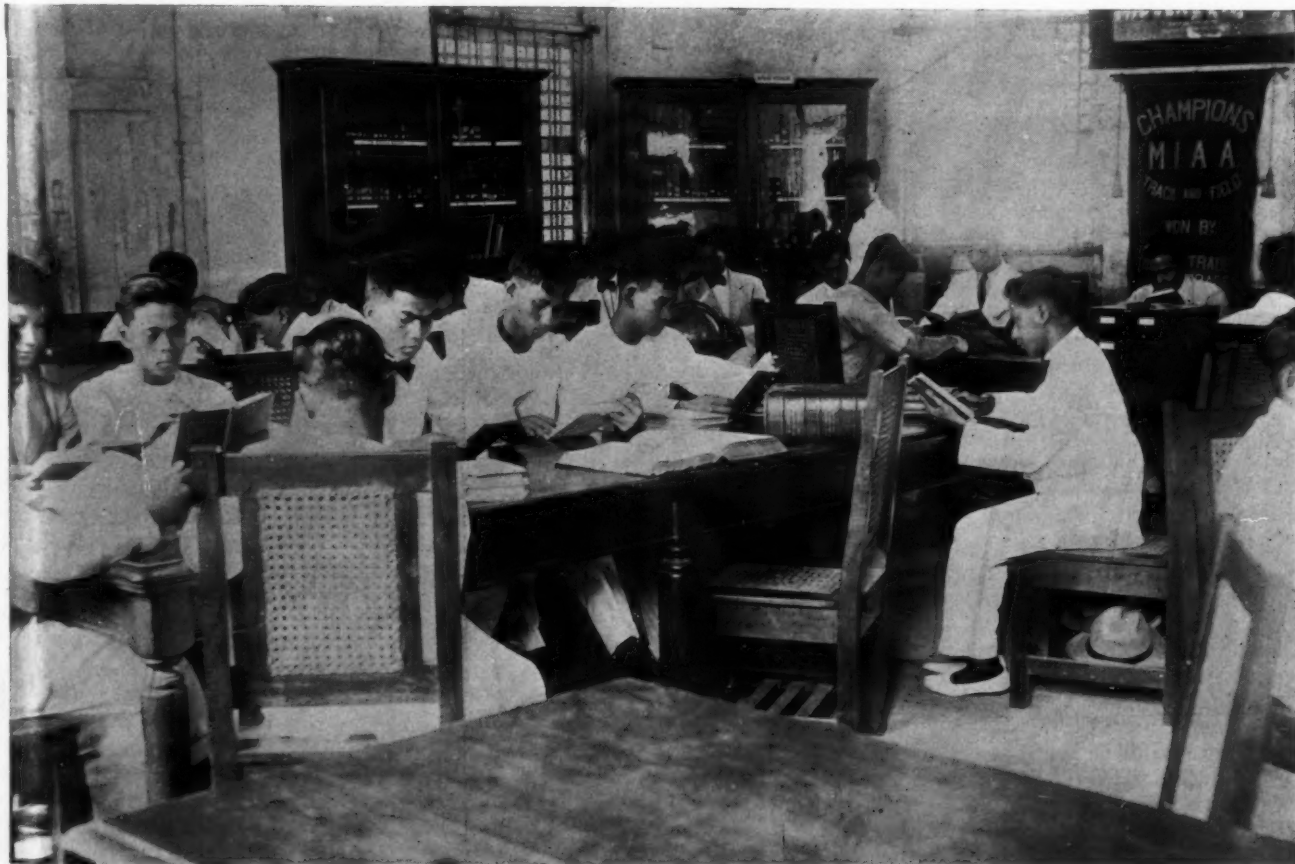


Photo by courtesy of Bureau of Education, Manila, P. I.

LIBRARY OF THE PHILIPPINE SCHOOL OF ARTS AND TRADES AT MANILA
The public schools of the Philippine Islands own 1200 school libraries, all of which are available to the public

Taxation in the Philippines was \$2.14 per capita in 1913, as compared with \$2.68 per capita in 1917.

The Philippine National Bank is an incontrovertible evidence of the great financial progress of the country. It was organized with resources amounting to \$5,900,000 in May, 1916,

and they were the very same principles which triumphed in the passage of the Jones Law, formally declaring the purpose of the people of the United States to recognize the independence of the Philippines as soon as a stable government can be established therein.

Today, when the principles of justice and honor are to be made secure, the Filipino people join in the jubilation of mankind in the confident expectation that they, too, will receive their share of the fruits of Democracy's victory. How could you, indeed, give your recognition, nay, your assistance and co-operation to the independence of the Czech-Slovakia, Poland, Jugo-Slavia, and others, and withhold them from the Philippines?

I shall not attempt to make comparisons between the conditions of those countries and those of the Philippines, but some well-known facts should be stated. These countries have had no experience in self-government. The Philippines have had six years of it. Our experiment in self-government has been pronounced by your own representatives

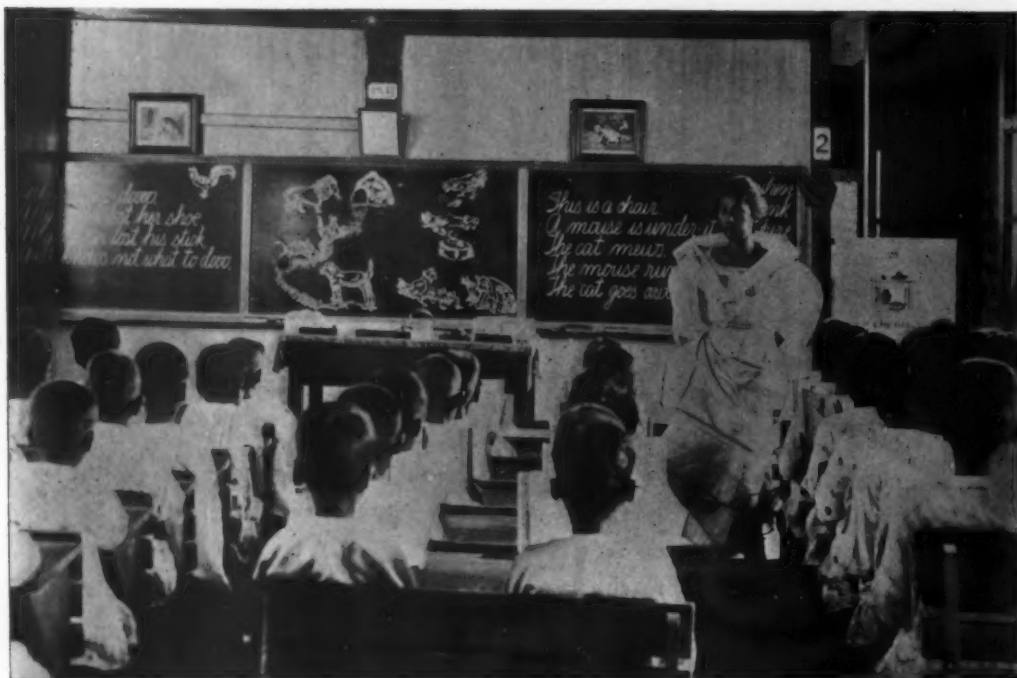


Photo by courtesy of Bureau of Education, Manila, P. I.

CLASS IN A PUBLIC SCHOOL OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

The government supports five thousand schools, with a teaching force of twelve thousand teachers, providing instruction for six hundred thousand pupils

and gradually rose to \$14,650,000 in July, 1916, \$25,350,000 on December 31, 1917, \$105,471,000 on June 30, 1918, and \$134,399,039 on December 31, 1918.

I now come to the other reason why we say this is the proper time to grant the Filipinos their independence. America in the late war fought "for the liberty, the self-government, and the undictated development of all peoples," and cheerfully assumed her full share in the war "for the liberation of peoples everywhere." The American people were willing to dedicate their lives and their fortunes, everything that they were and everything they had, for the things you have always carried nearest your hearts—"for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government, for the rights and liberties of small nations."

The principle of your Declaration of Independence that governments must derive their just power from the consent of the governed was re-baptized with the life sacrifices of seven million people. Self-determination and the consent of the governed! These were the very same ideals which have guided the political aspirations of the Filipino people since Admiral Dewey's arrival in Manila Bay. Self-determination and the consent of the governed were the very same principles we invoked when we demanded to be heard at the Paris Treaty Conference in 1898, which decided the fate of the Philippines; they were the very same principles which made the Filipinos wage a disastrous and unequal war rather than unconditionally submit to American sovereignty; they were the very same principles we invoked when, defeated in war, we had to appeal to the spirit of justice and fair-dealing of the American people;

a success. You were not bound by any promise to those countries, but you were and are so bound to the Philippines.

The magnanimous treatment of the Filipino people has made America what it is today in the eyes of the weak and struggling



Photo by courtesy of Bureau of Education, Manila, P. I.

PUBLIC SCHOOL IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

This standard type of school building has been adopted for all public schools for the Philippine Islands

peoples—the champion of their rights, the redeemer of their bondage. There is no other way open to her but to give the last finishing touches to the wonderful work she has accomplished in the Philippines—the establishment of a Philippine republic. What grander name would she have after the final settlement of the Philippine problem, after the final fulfillment of her promise to set the Philippines among the free nations of the world!

Godspeed the day for that joyful event, not only for the happiness of ten million Christian people, but for the greater glory of America, so that she may tell the world that her dream of a better age for the weaker peoples is not a mere delusion and a snare, but a reality based on her own experience with the Filipino people, whom she has led gently by the hand until they are able to establish a republic—the first really democratic republic in the East—consecrated to the ideals for which seven million people have given up their lives on the bloody fields of Europe.

War Work at the Boston Navy Yard

THE Boston Navy Yard is not a ship-building yard, but a repair station of the first-class. Among the fourteen navy yards in the United States, it ranks next to New York in importance, both geographically and in the quality and quantity of work turned out. During the past two or three years, the Navy Department has many times expressed its pleasure and interest in the work done at the Boston Navy Yard and has stated that it is not bettered anywhere or in any other yard. The principal work during the war was the conversion of ships—the transforming of merchant vessels into men-of-war, armed troopships, mine-layers, submarine hunters, and patrol vessels. In addition to this work there was the final equipping and fitting out of new destroyers, and the modernizing and bringing up to date of destroyers of an older model, in order to make them most efficient as destroyers.

The largest of the jobs of conversion was the taking over of the three large German ships which were interned in Boston harbor: the *Kronprinzessin Cecilie*, *Amerika*, and *Cincinnati*, whose names were changed to *Mount Vernon*, *America*, and *Covington*, respectively. The officers and crews on these ships had frequently boasted that they had so *inutilized*—as they put it—the machinery, that the ships could not be used by the United States until after extensive repairs had been made, continuing over a long period. The engines of the ships in some cases had large pieces knocked out of the cylinders, etc.; piston rods bent, lubrication removed, and foreign matter placed on smooth surfaces in vital parts, and the gearing so shifted and manipulated as to be undiscoverable except by close inspection. For example, in one case the control and reversing gear had been disassembled and re-assembled so as to appear perfectly intact; but, if the ship had gone to sea under these conditions, three of these engines would have been going ahead and two going astern, and it would have been a case as to which direction the ship would take. One of the excellent employes of the Boston Navy Yard discovered and reported this condition. Unbelievable sanitary conditions existed when the ships were taken over. One ship—the *Amerika*—was three-quarters full of debris and rubbish; it had been

used as a dumping ground for the two other vessels and the conditions were unspeakable. The enormous size of these vessels, their condition—both natural, due to long stay and neglect, and their artificial condition, produced intentionally—constituted a big job to remedy.

Commodore Albert L. Key, U.S.N., was appointed by the Commandant as "Commander of the German Squadron." He organized a staff of officers and men and drew up a plan for cleaning and re-habilitating these colossal vessels. The work was conducted under the personal supervision of this staff, counselled and aided by the heads of the various departments of the Navy Yard. The result was a success far beyond the expectations. The ships were cleaned, fitted as transports, organized, repaired, tested; all with the result that they left the yard within two months in a particularly satisfactory condition, making better speed than they had ever before made in their lives. They were brought to the yard in the middle of July, but it was not until August 8 that authority was received by the yard to go ahead and convert them. They left the yard on the 27th, 28th and 29th of September.

Another remarkably efficient and valuable piece of work was the conversion of the steamships *Massachusetts* and *Bunker Hill* into mine-layers for foreign service as part of the mine-laying fleet for the North Sea mine barrage. These vessels were taken over by the government in November, 1917, and converted by the Boston Navy Yard into the fastest and most completely-equipped mine planters afloat. The work of conversion proceeded without interruption during the worst winter season that Boston has known for fifty years.

Another small but wonderful piece of work was the replacing of the propeller of the *Joseph Cudahy* without docking. The ship was required for immediate service, and the reports of data showed that the old damaged propeller must come off and a new one be installed. It was during the fierce winter of 1917-1918, and the work had to be done during one of the heaviest blizzards of that winter; one day was allowed, and labor was scarce and unskilled. The ship was trimmed down by the head, pumped out, and other necessary arrangements rapidly and skillfully made, so that the work was done



CAPTAIN WILLIAM R. RUSH, U. S. N.
Commandant of the Boston Navy Yard during the war

from floats above water, and the ship was enabled to meet her military engagements.

As the Boston Navy Yard was the great torpedo-boat base on this coast, much special attention was given to work on these craft, as our war experience seemed to justify that they were the winners of the war, for without the destroyers, chasers and submarines, the war on the water would not have been won so soon. It was, therefore, a plan of organization systematically established for taking all these ships as fast as they arrived at the yard for final completion, docking and equipping with listening and other secret devices, and in doing this work in such a systematic way and so promptly and actively that a reputation for quick and efficient work was soon established among the commanders of these craft. They loved to go there, and often said so, and they felt that any effort they made toward getting their ships ready for war service would be actively helped by the yard. A spirit of co-operation between the yard and ships resulted, and wonderful work both as to quality and quantity was turned out. For example, the *Ammen* entered the dock direct from sea on one tide, with both propellers damaged, and left the dock on the next tide, and steamed out to sea with both propellers replaced. The congratulations of the Secretary of the Navy himself were received by the Navy Yard for this example of attentive efficiency during the war.

As to ship-building, or "new work," as it is called. For forty years no ship of any size was built at the Boston Navy Yard. The first ship built there was the U. S. S. *Independence*, which was built in 1811, a ship with long life and a famous career. Down thru the years other ships were laid down, one of them remaining so long on the stocks that she was finally pulled to pieces and never completed. In order to build a ship at this yard it was necessary to clear away and construct building ways and launching ways, erect cranes, and all the other paraphernalia necessary to construction; so that, in 1915, when an order was received to build a nine-thousand-ton vessel, this work had to be undertaken. It was undertaken and completed in record time, and the ship built and launched well within the time and cost allowed for her. The ship was christened the *Bridge*, in honor of Commodore Horatio Bridge, U. S. Navy, Chief of Bureau of Provisions and Clothing, Navy Department, from 1869 to 1888. The ship was a supply vessel of nine thousand tons displacement, and, under Captain William L. Riddle, United States Navy, has rendered most efficient service during this war in transporting men and provisions.

In the following year another vessel of 14,500 tons was ordered built here, and the ways were promptly extended and preparations made for her construction. The delay in delivery of material prevented her completion, and she was launched May 1, 1919. Her construction was continued thruout the war in spite of numerous and pressing calls for labor, so that she was, in fact, built "in spite of the war." She was named *Brazos*, after the Brazos River, "River of the Arms," so called, because it is formed by the junction of two arms: the Double Mountain Fork and the Salt Fork Rivers. The Brazos River lies in a part of Texas from which a great deal of oil fuel for the Navy

is obtained. According to the practice of the Navy Department, the ship is given a name associated with one of the oil-producing regions of the United States. This ship will be followed on the ways by two others of the same size, so that the Boston Navy Yard may well be considered a first-class yard for building fifteen-thousand-ton vessels.

The specialty of the Boston Navy Yard has always been chain and rope. The ropewalk, one-quarter of a mile long, situated within the yard, was built in 1834, and has made rope for the Navy since it was first put in operation. Up to the time the United States entered the war, it had supplied all rope for the Navy. The hemp used in the construction of this rope is the very finest A-1 Manila hemp, carefully inspected and tested. The increased demands for rope after our entrance into the war vastly increased the productions at the yard, working day and night so as to meet the calls of the fleet.

The chain shop has been developed, and the making of chain so extended that there is not within the continental limits of the United States a better-established, systematized chain shop than that within the Boston Navy Yard. Chains of all sizes are made, and all the chain for the fleet is supplied from this chain shop. As an example of the size of chain and the weight of the chain made here, we will quote the four-inch chain made for the U. S. S. *Leviathan*:

Weight per link, 219 pounds; weight of 15 FM shot, 14,236 pounds; number of links in shot, 65; weight of connecting shackles, 353 pounds; proof test of chain, 546,000 pounds; estimated breaking strength, 909,000 pounds; size of links, outside dimensions, 24 inches by 14 inches.

The Commandant of the Boston Navy Yard for the last four years has been Captain William R. Rush, U.S.N., who in addition to his duties as Commandant of the Yard, organized and established the First Naval District when naval districts came into vogue. The district was administered under his command thru a chief of staff, Commodore Albert L. Key, U. S. N., and Captain—now Rear Admiral—Ashley H. Robertson. This organization and administration of the First Naval District received the special approval and praise of the Navy Department and was regarded by that Department as a model for all others. When the Department's order separated the Districts and Navy Yards, Captain Rush continued the administration of the Navy Yard with the assistance of such able officers as Captain J. S. Carpenter, Captain J. F. Leys, Captain J. E. Bailey, Commander T. S. O'Leary, Commander I. E. Bass, Commander J. E. McDonald, Lieutenant Dennis J. O'Connell, Lieutenant Merrill Griswold, Lieutenant R. C. Curtis, and Lieutenant R. T. Bates—accomplished, serious officers, all of them, and devoted to the welfare of this Navy Yard, the credit of which they may properly claim so large a part.

Now that the war is over, Captain Rush will retire soon from the active command of this important naval arsenal, after four and one-half years of an administration that marks him as one of the most capable officers in the navy. His career, already established in naval records as one of the bravest, is supplemented with the best—to a superlative degree.

Girl o' My Dreams!

GIRL o' my dreams! when Spring comes back—
When tulips blooming in square and street
Freshen with fragrance the pave and track,
And larks sing out with their "Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!"
'Tis then that Earth the emptiest seems,
Girl o' my dreams!

Girl o' my dreams! when the leaves all fall—
When swallows gather and swift depart,
'Tis then your spirit to mine doth call;
'Tis then that your image sings in my heart;
'Tis then your face in the firelight gleams,
Girl o' my dreams!

Girl o' my dreams! when the roses burn,
And the hour of the year has come to noon,
'Tis then for your beauty most I yearn—
Your cheeks outflaming the riotous June
And your eyes like stars that haunt the streams,
Girl o' my dreams!

—Edward Wilbur Mason.

Affairs and Folks

TO the average person, building permit statistics are less interesting than a Chinese laundry ticket. Since the signing of the armistice, however, these statistics have been watched with an interest which approached anxiety by business men the country over. In November they were but six per cent of normal; in December, ten per cent; January, twenty per cent; February, thirty-five per cent. In March they came up to sixty-five per cent, and April figures should show a corresponding increase.

This means that building and construction are rapidly getting back to normal in the United States. Contracts actually let in the district west of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio rivers, for the week ending March 7, 1919, were of a money value of \$27,651,076. For the week ending April 4, 1919, they totaled \$60,864,085.

More than one hundred cities either are promoting or are organizing "Own Your Own Home" campaigns. One state, Indiana, is launching a statewide, three-year drive for home-owning and home building. The newspapers of the country, more than ever before, are devoting space to building and construction news and articles on home owning.

The conclusion that someone has been doing unusually efficacious campaigning for the revival of the building industry is inescapable. An hour of inquiry in Washington, D. C., develops a clue; a day of sleuthing on the clue brings out the fact. There is a strong personality behind this building revival, and that personality is quietly but importantly assisting the transition of American industry from war mobilization to peace production. Since personalities are built rather than born, the builder of this one is no other than Franklin T. Miller of Newton, Massachusetts.

Convinced that the Federal government could be helpful in stimulating building and construction work, Secretary of Labor Wilson authorized the organization of the Division of Public Works and Construction Developments within his department. To the directorship of this division Secretary

Wilson called Mr. Miller, who, by virtue of his long association with the F. W. Dodge Company, knew intimately the conditions in the building and construction industry and correlated business.

Knowing conditions is one thing, getting action to improve them is another. The director of the new division, it appears, knew what could be done and how to do it. Within the limitations of a government department embarrassed by the failure of Congress to provide appropriations, Mr. Miller applied this knowledge so quietly and so effectively that, while everywhere the results are apparent, not more than a dozen men in the country realize his was the directing genius.

Mr. Miller is of that rare type which insists on being able to visualize a situation in its details before he acts. Perhaps it is significant that the apartment he occupies when in New York is on the top floor with an unrestricted view; his office is on the top floor; much of his recreation is obtained in the open country; he is uneasy when he can't "see out." He wants to see skyscrapers in their relation to other buildings, and he wants to compare the nearer hill with the farther one. He craves a complete picture.

This trait follows him into business. He approaches a given problem only after he has viewed it in perspective; he makes a mental topographical map of his task, the details are correlated. He gathers his information from sources and men in whom he has confidence; the elements in his problem he reduces to comparable terms; he gets the common denominator and, with an astonishing degree of infallibility, he estimates the vital quantities. He thinks "thru" on a given idea, and by thinking thru avoids the disastrous results incident to pulling the trigger on a gun he doesn't know is loaded. He seems always to remember that action is equal to reaction, and the consequences of the latter should be known before the former is launched.

Let those who have a taste for credit satisfy their appetite; Miller concerns himself with results. It would indeed



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HON. MANUEL L. QUEZON

President of the Philippine Senate. He is well known in Washington, having been for eight years the resident commissioner from the Philippines to Congress



FROM A SNAFSHOT TAKEN AT THE WHITE HOUSE IN MARCH DURING THE CONFERENCE OF GOVERNORS AND MAYORS
 Reading from left to right in the picture are Franklin T. Miller, Mr. Murphy's son, Paul C. Murphy of Portland, Oregon, who assisted in organizing the "Own Your Own Home" campaign of the Division of Public Works, and Mayor Baker of Portland, who is at the head of the Portland "Own Your Own Home" campaign, which has been exceptionally successful

be interesting to know just how much this man influenced our industrial mobilization policy. Long before that policy was formulated, he was urging action; he was passing his thought on the subject to men influential with the federal administration. He delights in leaving ideas scattered about where other men must find them; if they make them their own and results are obtained, enough said. Results count.

A newspaper man was installed in the Division of Public Works and Construction Developments to handle the publicity. As director of the division, Mr. Miller spent three hours informing the publicity agent on what was being done. He told one good newspaper story after another, until the writer exclaimed:

"I have material for at least a dozen first-page stories. Me for a typewriter!"

"But this is just for your information," Mr. Miller interrupted. "Permit the other fellow to do the talking in the papers. We are here to get results. Don't bother the newspapers as long as we are doing a good job. Time enough for that if we get in trouble."

The specific task undertaken by Mr. Miller at the request of the Secretary of Labor was to interest the public in building and construction work. There is no denying that the country is interested; it is equally apparent that there has been an astonishing change of sentiment in the last ninety days. Today one hears very little about holding off building for marked reductions in construction costs. Building and construction work is going ahead. Why? How? Who is responsible? No matter! Results are what we want, and results are what we have.

It is said in Washington that Mr. Miller, on several occasions since the first of the year, influenced the attitudes of employers and employees; and on these occasions, if he was not the deciding factor, he was a most helpful one in promoting the mutual understandings which maintained industrial peace where disorder, for a time, seemed unavoidable.

Mr. Miller was born in Newton, Massachusetts, in 1873. He spends much time in Washington and New York City, and frequently visits the branch offices of his company in Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Boston and Minneapolis—but Newton, Massachusetts, is home. He was graduated from the Massa-

chusetts Institute of Technology in 1895 as a naval architect, and completed a special course in chemistry in Harvard University. He is chairman of the Finance Committee of the city of Newton, was a member of the original committee on National Defense in the United States Chamber of Commerce, and, as has been intimated, was one of the first to urge an intelligent, practical plan of industrial mobilization for war. He has been successively secretary, treasurer, and president of the F. W. Dodge Company, a connection which equipped him with the knowledge of building and construction conditions so valuable in his work for the Department of Labor, where he has been getting "results."

* * * *

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year, even to the most favored child, and a year—to the mind of childhood—is a terribly long time to wait for the joys that Christmas brings. But there are children, not just a few, but hundreds, even thousands, to whose hungry little hearts their own particular, immemorial day of days brings no slightest ray of joy. The "kiddies of the tenements," the children of the East Side, for whom special schools must be maintained because their parents are so very, very poor that they cannot send their children to the public schools for want of the ordinary necessities of life, recognize in Christmas only an empty mockery of childish joys denied, unless some good angel from the wonderful world that lies outside the boundaries of their own, remembers their existence and gladdens their starved little souls with the gifts that belong to them at Christmastide.

To the childish comprehension of some thousands of little ones in New York's great East Side, who each year, but for her true humanity, would go Christmasless, Mrs. Austin N. Palmer must appear like a very bright and shining angel indeed, for this gracious lady is the founder and president and the moving spirit and animating impulse of the Christmas Red Bag and Story Telling Club of New York, the club which she organized a number of years ago for the specific purpose of bringing Christmas cheer to as many as is humanly possible of those poor little kiddies who are so utterly friendless, so completely destitute of the barest necessities of life, so hopelessly engulfed

in the swirling vortex of the maelstrom of poverty as to be overlooked even by the organized agencies of mercy and relief, and who, therefore, except for her loving labors, would have no Christmas gifts at all.

The idea came to Mrs. Palmer a number of years ago in a flash of inspiration—as most great ideas are apt to come. She was filling Christmas stockings for the New York poor, and it seemed to her that a stocking of even the most generous proportions held a pitifully small number of articles to comprise the entire Christmas cheer of its recipient. Why not a bag—a big, generous bag into which one might pack a generous amount—moreover, a bag that by its color would suggest Christmas cheer!

Mrs. Palmer is a club-woman, with a genius for and a thoro belief in organized effort, but she believes that efficiency does not amount to much unless one loves humanity. So she got together a group of capable and willing women and founded the Christmas Red Bag and Story Telling Club. They purchased five thousand yards of cambric of just the proper shade of Christmas red, and cut it into yard lengths. These pieces were folded once, seamed up the sides, hemmed at the top, pieces of scarlet tape run thru the hems—and the result was

barrel of nuts. Contributions of clothing, shoes, toys, books, candy and toilet articles came pouring in.

A record is kept of every child to whom bags are sent, as the object is to give only to those who are too poor to have any



MISS MARY MASON

The sculptor of the inspiring figure, "The Triumph of the New Era," which appeared as the frontispiece in the May issue of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE

five thousand commodious and attractive bags, which they filled with articles contributed or purchased by individuals, clubs, civic associations and schools that they interested in the project. One club made itself responsible for the filling of a hundred bags to be given to babies. A business man gave a check for a hundred dollars. Another business man sent half a



Photo by Mishkin, N. Y.

MRS. AUSTIN N. PALMER

"The Christmas red bag lady"

other form of Christmas remembrance. That there may be no mistake in the giving, each case is carefully investigated. Every bag is prepared for an especial child, so that its contents are suitable to the age, sex, and condition of the recipient. The articles comprise several pieces of clothing, a few toys, some candy, sweet crackers, nuts and raisins. If the bag is intended for a girl, a doll and a string of beads is never omitted. Pencils, books, hair ribbons, brushes and combs are included, sometimes a purse with a few bright new pennies. Every separate article is wrapped in tissue paper and tied with red ribbon to give the utmost effect of gaiety and cheer to the gifts.

Mrs. Palmer is a woman of wealth, prominent socially and in club circles, and opens her beautiful home several times a year for annual receptions to the members of the various clubs with which she is affiliated, but the interest that lies nearest her heart and claims the greatest share of her thought and labor is the Christmas Red Bag and Story Telling Club and the few thousand pathetic little kiddies into whose starved lives she brings at Christmas time each year something of the all-embracing love of Him who said "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

* * * *

WHEN W. V. Harrison, a director of the Redpath Lyceum Bureau of America and manager of the Bureau's Ohio department, returned from Europe in April, he reported that one of the most interesting conditions encountered was England's organized effort to help Britishers to know more about

America. In his search for platform celebrities to help solve the problems of reconstruction, Mr. Harrison was privileged to interview representative leaders in many avenues of English life. Prominent literary men were unanimous in the conviction that Great Britain and America are vitally and mutually concerned in each other's welfare, as well as in the welfare of the world at large. Similar opinions were readily expressed by noted clergymen, business men, labor leaders, correspondents, and others interviewed by Mr. Harrison.

"It is my opinion," says the Redpath manager, "that one of the biggest things resulting from the war is a better understanding among the English-speaking peoples. I do not believe that Americans realize the enormous sacrifices which the British made and are still making. Their casualties have been appalling. The record of England itself, as compared with the British Colonies, has been astounding evidence of a willingness to share equally the hardships of modern warfare.

"Perhaps the reason the Englishman and the American have not been congenial in the past is due largely to the fact that we have not understood each other. The Britisher cannot get the point of the American joke when he does not understand American customs, American thought, American slang." Illustrating this point, Mr. Harrison relates the story of his effort to be reasonably sociable at an afternoon tea in London. Lady So-and-So, hearing that he was in search of lecture talent for the United States, had invited him to meet a number of friends at this typically English function. At an intermission in the conversation he related the story of the wag in Washington who, knowing President Wilson quite well,

sent him, at the time he was being entertained at Buckingham Palace, a cablegram addressed "Woodrow the First," and advising the President to "hurry home or we will proclaim a republic." The incident drew not even a ripple of passing amusement, so the conversation was directed into other channels. Perhaps ten minutes later one of the tea guests interrupted with "I say, Mr. Harrison, that was most extraordinary—the message to your President. Indeed, you have been a republic for some time, haven't you?"

One of the most popular speakers in Parliament is J. Hugh Edwards, the official biographer of Lloyd George. He frequently expressed keen interest in America's open forum, known as the Lyceum and Chautauqua, and has under consideration a lecture tour in this country. Mr. Harrison reports that he was keen to learn in advance as much as he could of our methods of travel, our hotels, and our audiences. He said: "I understand you do not set your boots outside your bedroom door at night for the servants to black. How do you get your boots blacked?" He was assured that in America most gentlemen not only shave themselves, but also blacked their boots. If that was the American way, Mr. Edwards said "he thought he could do it." But he had never seen a gentleman black his own boots and was curious as to how to equip himself for the job. He was promised a kit which he could carry in his traveling bag. He was much relieved. It is only a guess as to how soon he will "fall for" our African or Greek boys in their shine parlors, the like of which there is nothing in England. Anyway, this member of Parliament, when he comes to America, will come with the expectation that in our democratic country every man blacks his own boots.

* * * *

ONE of the most picturesque figures in the theatrical world is Mr. Fred E. Wright, manager of two of Boston's newest theaters, the Plymouth and the Park Square. A detailed narrative of his career would read like a romance.

Destined by his parents for a musical career, the budding Paderewski deserted the piano to become musical director for Ray's Burlesque Opera Company, which went "on the rocks" three weeks after leaving New York.

Pedestrianism then claimed his attention, and returning to Boston he promoted and managed a big six-day race under canvas out in the Back Bay, which was known as the "Bean Pot Tournament," the prize for the winner being a bean pot filled with gold.

Among the men he subsequently brought out was Frank Hart, the famous colored pedestrian. Later he doubled with



W. V. HARRISON

PART of the Y. W. C. A's job in France was to minister to the American army and Red Cross nurses, who were too busy taking care of wounded soldiers to think of themselves. For the comfort of the nurses "huts" were built in hospital compounds, the architecture of these buildings varying from a tiny temporary barrack-like structure to an old French chateau. But whatever the outside appearance, tea-time hospitality was all of the same kind. Here in the glow of an open fire, in a cup of refreshing tea, and in cheerful conversation, the nurses found the relaxation they so sorely needed. The Y. W. C. A. has eighteen nurses' clubs in France, serving thirty-seven base hospital units, and reaching ten thousand women.



Dan O'Leary, and gave a huge six-day "go-as-you-please" for men and horses in Chicago.

Finally he met Jack Haverly, the minstrel, and combined with him for a big race at the Bellevue Hotel in Cincinnati. Haverly was so pleased with the results that he made him treasurer of his minstrel company, succeeding Charles Frohman, who had just resigned. Later Haverly organized a second company and made the Boston boy manager of what was then the biggest show on earth.

After leaving the Haverly Minstrels, Mr. Wright became manager for Charles Hoyt. One of the most popular of the pieces he produced for Mr. Hoyt was "The Midnight Bells," in which Maude Adams played. He was Hoyt's manager for ten years.

Later he produced his own shows, some of those which came to Boston being "York State Folks" at the Majestic Theatre, and "The Beauty Doctor" at the Globe Theater. While Klaw & Erlanger were fighting the Shubert interests, Mr. Wright "wildcatted" his own show, "The Blue Mouse," all across the country without losing a performance.

He has brought out many famous stars. One of them was Otis Harlan, whom he found selling suspenders in Columbus, Ohio. The trade of a drummer didn't appeal to Harlan, and he asked Mr. Wright for a job. The manager saw possibilities in the young salesman and introduced him to Mr. Hoyt.

Mr. Wright has had charge of notable Boston successes. Among them are the four longest runs in the theatrical history of the city, "The Man from Home," "A Temperance Town," "Under Cover," and "Disraeli."

Perhaps the most famous of Mr. Wright's publicity stunts was the black sheep, which sporting writers claim won the pennant for the Braves in 1914, and served as a unique advertisement for Charles Hoyt's "A Black Sheep." Mr. Wright, who is a fan himself, presented a genuine and highly ornamental sheep to the Braves as a mascot. The sheep was an efficient luck bringer, and once proved his right to be a member of the team by assaulting the umpire in a manner which must have made Johnny Evers green with jealousy.

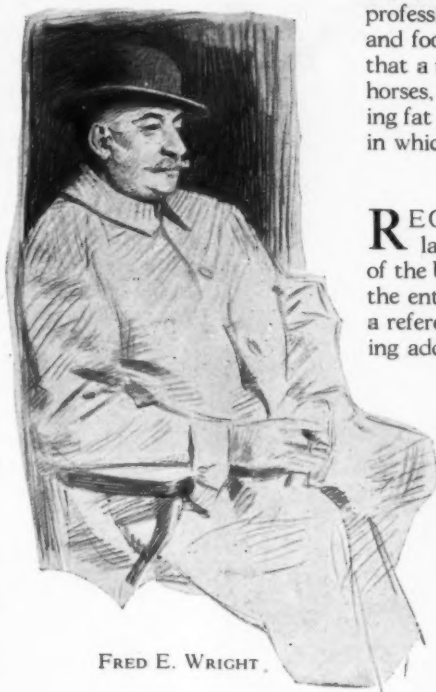
Mr. Wright has often used animals in advertising. When Hoyt's "A Texas Steer" was produced, he bought three pedigreed steers and had them driven about the cities in which the piece was shown. Again during the runs of "A Temperance Town" he put display ads in the local papers for "the poorest,

meanest, most disreputable horse" in the place. Owners of such animals were directed to "apply at the stage door."

The next day the street was blocked with an array of pathetically comic remnants of horseflesh. Mr. Wright selected one of the worst. Unfortunately (from the professional point of view) good treatment and food so changed the animal in a few weeks that a new one had to be found, and a series of horses, entering thin and miserable and departing fat and contented, passed thru the theaters in which "A Temperance Town" was played.

* * *

RECALLING those stirring days of the last meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States at Atlantic City, I picture the enthusiasm of President Rhett concerning a referendum vote of its members recommending additional legislation for regulating profits



FRED E. WRIGHT

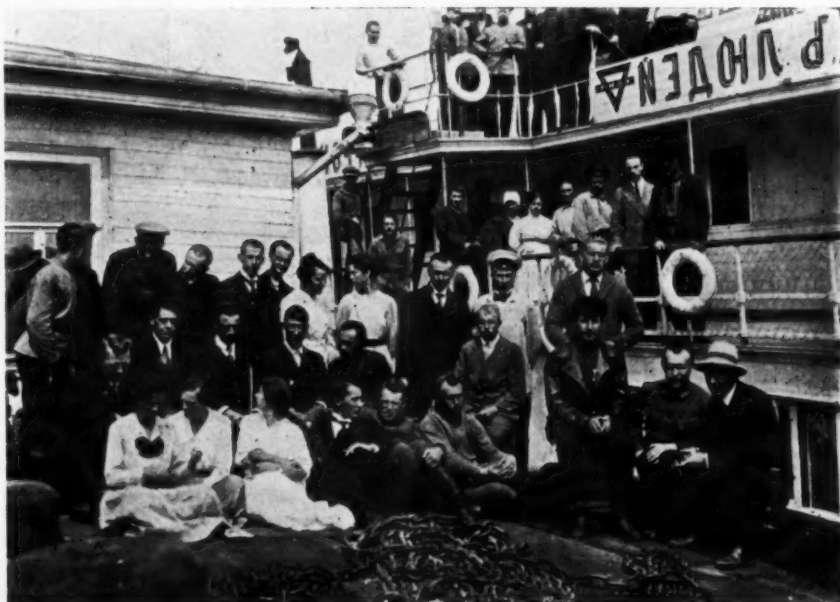


R. COODWYN RHETT
President
of the
National Chamber
of Commerce

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during war times. The time allowed for voting was forty-five days, and the result showed that 984 favored and 114 opposed additional price regulation, for about the same ratio covered the detailed vote of the other questions involved as to authority to control all prices of articles used in basic industries which enter into the necessities of everyday life, and for raw materials

WHEN the agricultural demonstration boat set out for its cruise last summer down the historic Volga, there was something new, not only under the Russian sun, but also on Russian waters. This American boat, which carried an exhibit of country life, stopped at eighty towns along the Volga. The women's department was in charge of Y. W. C. A. secretaries, with six Russian women working under their supervision. The exhibit was in two departments, of which the care and feeding of babies and children was first. A Russian doctor, assisted by a nurse, did the demonstrating. The second department was a demonstration on how to keep the house clean, lighten work, and make simple dishes to vary the diet. The equipment was bought by a domestic science expert who made her purchases with a view to the simplicity of the peasant home



and finished products. It was also voted that the control of prices should be administered by a small executive board appointed by the President and should have authority to distribute available supplies.

Each leading industry was represented in conference and was to advise with the agencies that control prices and distribution. The attitude of the Chamber on war profits, according

Every mill and every department had but one thought—to push forward and win the war. Mr. Adie has long been prominent in New England industrial life, and his work in the war will not soon be forgotten. Born in Scotland, he came to America in early manhood, bringing the sterling traits of his forebears, and I do not know a more ideal, self-made, self-reliant, or more conscientious American than Mr. Andrew Adie.

* * * *



ANDREW ADIE

to Secretary Elliot H. Goodwin, was that there should not be a profit interest in the war. Members of the special committee whose report the referendum vote so unanimously supported included August H. Vogel of Milwaukee; Hon. Charles A. Nagel of St. Louis, former Secretary of Commerce and Labor; and Robert J. Thorne of Chicago, and representative men from all parts of the country. The work of this special committee is accounted one of the most important instances of the close working unity of the country and the government in the conduct of the war, and demonstrates a practical use of the referendum.

* * * *

DAY by day as the soldiers return, they are keenly interested in learning who stood steadfast at home during the war. It is almost uncanny the way the army found out things overseas, and now they are at home intend to find out and have intuitions confirmed. The Roll of Honor of American business men who, with firm hand and aggressive purpose, met every responsibility in the movements to support the army overseas, is one of distinction. Among those in Boston whose work I have been acquainted with is Mr. Andrew Adie, president of the United States Worsted Company. Long before war was declared he realized with clear vision that the crucial test in Christian civilization was approaching, and when the United States entered the war he threw himself into the work with an enthusiasm and energy characteristic of his business career. The page advertisements he inserted in the newspapers, the stirring sentiment he created, and the manner in which he took hold of every responsibility, was inspiring. His offices were radiant with the colors of the Allies, and his heart was ablaze with enthusiasm for a just and righteous cause. The great business organizations under his leadership were a unit.

SOMETIME ago, while enjoying a day with Henry Ford at the "Teneyck" farm near Dearborn, adjoining Detroit, his birthplace, he told me about a young man in Boston, then in charge of the Ford interests. Somehow I could never forget the brief, but splendid, tribute which he paid to this young man. His name was Charles E. Fay, and for many years he was the head of the Ford interests in Boston. During his administration the handsome Ford building was constructed on the banks of the Charles. Since then he has joined with Mr. Allen, establishing the Fay-Allen Company, and "Chalmers", "Maxwell Cars," and "Maxwell Trucks" are the slogans. You do not concern yourself so much about the cars when you know the man. One of the most familiar figures at the Auto Show for many years past has been Charles Fay, who has grown up with the industry. There is scarcely a phase or sidelight of the automobile development in New England that he does not know about.



CHARLES E. FAY

More than all this, the great thing about it is that he is a real man in the full-measured sense of the word, as was discovered by Mr. Ford. The confidence that his friends and patrons have in him tells the story of success in business life, as much as that of how loyal constituents talk about a man in public life. The men who do good acts vicariously in their own great way, because they love to do them, will be found out. That's the best sort of material in the making of citizenship.

Mount Rainier or Mount Tacoma?

Brief Summary of the Essential Facts in this Historic Controversy

By C. T. CONOVER

IN a recent issue of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE appeared a beautiful view of Mount Tacoma from Tacoma, Washington, and two inspired poems on the subject. Thirty-odd years ago the writer lived in Tacoma, and had Tacomacitis in its usual aggravated form. He has been thru all the phases of the malady. He was told that the Indian name of the mountain was Tacoma, as the Tacoma people of today have been told, and that Rainier was a rank usurper. He believed it. Finally he stumbled upon the fact that Tacoma was not actually an Indian word, and he then began a general research of the subject. Now, when he goes to Tacoma, he goes around the back streets and registers under an assumed name. Having implicit confidence in Joe Chapple's honesty of purpose, and believing that he does not intend to set himself up as an authority on geographic names in opposition to the United States Geographic Board, he (the writer) will briefly state the main facts in this almost farcical comedy.

Captain George Vancouver, who first explored the Puget Sound region, and by right of discovery affixed geographical names, none of which have ever been questioned save only the name of Mount Rainier, in his "Voyage of Discovery to the North Pacific Ocean and Round the World," London, 1801, under date of May 8, 1792, says:

The weather was serene and pleasant and the country continued to exhibit between us and the eastern snowy range the same luxurious appearance. At its northern extremity Mount Baker bore by compass N. 22, the round, snowy mountain now forming its southern extremity, and which, after my friend Rear Admiral Rainier, I distinguished by the name Mount Rainier, bore N. (S.) 44E.

In the words of the late veteran geographer, George Davidson, author of the "Pacific Coast Pilot," and formerly of the United States Coast Survey: "The accepted right of the discoverer in a new country, with uncivilized inhabitants, or with no inhabitants to apply geographic names, has never been traversed by competent authority." By this unquestioned right was Rainier christened by the first white man who ever beheld its majestic beauty and grandeur.

There is no record that it was known by any other name, by Indian or white man, until 1853, when Theodore Winthrop made a flying trip thru the Northwest and laid the foundation for the future controversy in these words in his work, "The Canoe and the Saddle":

Of all the peaks from California to Frazer's River, this one before me was royalist. Mount Regnier Christians have dubbed it in stupid nomenclature, perpetuating the name of somebody or nobody. More melodiously the Siwash call it Tacoma, a generic term also applied to all snow peaks. (Italics the writer's.)

Mr. Winthrop was a bird of passage, entirely unacquainted with the Indian language, and so ignorant of the subject under discussion that he misspelled the word "Rainier." Still, this was the germ from which all the trouble arose, and Winthrop is referred to by every advocate of the name Tacoma, and Winthrop's statement is always quoted, usually omitting the last nine words. By elision of words even the Bible can be made to mean anything one wishes it to. Winthrop, upon whose authority the controversy rests, definitely states, however, that the word "Tacoma" is a generic term applied to all snow peaks. It is rather a flimsy foundation, surely, for a geographical name.

Winthrop's book did not reach Puget Sound for several years, and it naturally led to discussion among the early settlers, who had never heard the word before. Many of the most intelligent pioneers believe that the sputtering, guttural use of the word "Tacobed" or "Dacobed" by the Indians after the

appearance of Winthrop's book was the usual Indian attempt to adopt a white man's word. Thus Ezra Meeker, still living, and a pioneer of 1853, a firm friend of the Indians, and in his day the largest employer of Indian labor on Puget Sound, a settler in the environs of Tacoma a generation before Tacoma was settled, in his book, "The Tragedy of Leschi," written in defense of an Indian chief, says:

We have a like curious phenomenon in the case of Winthrop first writing the word "Tacoma" in September, 1853. None of the old settlers had heard that name, either thru the Indians or otherwise, until after the publication of Winthrop's book, when it became common knowledge and was applied to a hotel in Olympia in 1866. However, as Winthrop claimed to have obtained the word from the Indians, the fact was accepted by the reading public, and the Indians soon took their cue from their white neighbors. (Italics the writer's.)

Supporting Mr. Meeker's theory is this testimony from Dr. Charles M. Buchanan, superintendent of the Tulalip Indian agency, and pre-eminently the greatest living authority on Indian languages and customs in the Northwest: "I have never considered 'Ta-ko-bid' a genuine Indian word. Several very intelligent Indians, some of the most intelligent and reliable I have ever known, agree with me in the belief that it is merely an Indian attempt to say a word they have heard the whites use, and this appears to confirm Meeker."

The late Thomas W. Prosch, historian, founder of the first newspaper in Tacoma, and son-in-law of General McCarver, founder of the town of Tacoma, in the Washington State Historical Society publication, states that he has never been able to find the word "Tacoma" in any of the records of the state, territory, or nation, that Vancouver, Lewis and Clarke, Wilkes, White, or Fremont never appear to have heard of it, nor did the early missionaries, Hudson's Bay men, or early settlers, and adds: "No one as far as I can learn ever wrote the word, put it in type or otherwise, before Winthrop. He wrote his book with the aid of a Chinook jargon dictionary."

In 1868 General McCarver platted the present town site of Tacoma as "Commencement City," but after reading Winthrop's book he changed the name to Tacoma. From the birth of Tacoma, in 1868, until March, 1883, Rainier was in universal use as the name of the mountain everywhere on Puget Sound and even in Tacoma. The writer has a file of Tacoma newspapers confirming this fact. On January 1, 1880, the *Tacoma North Pacific Coast* said editorially: "In this issue we publish a poem by Mrs. Belle W. Cook entitled 'Mount Tacoma.' We do not suppose, however, that names as well established as are Puget Sound, Mount Rainier, or Straits of San Juan de Fuca can be changed by an editor's whim or an author's sentiment, so we shall continue to apply the name of the old English rear admiral to our mountain, and call it Mount Rainier."

In the meantime the Northern Pacific Railroad Company acquired the town site of Tacoma as its Pacific terminus, and in March, 1882, the company's official organ, the *Northwest Magazine*, contained the announcement that the company's literature and agents would hereafter use the name "Mount Tacoma" for the mountain "instead of Rainier, which the English captain Vancouver gave to this magnificent peak when he explored the waters of Puget Sound in the last century."

This changed the whole aspect of the situation. Winthrop's statement had heretofore had no general effect in changing the name of the mountain, but when the only trunk line railroad reaching the Pacific Northwest adopted the word "Tacoma" in all its extensive advertising literature, there was a full-fledged controversy at once. However, even after the Northern Pacific's edict, the Tacoma newspapers had great difficulty



VIEW OF MOUNT RAINIER FROM SEATTLE

in accustoming themselves to the new name, and for a year or so most frequently used the name "Rainier." As late as July 12, 1884, the *Tacoma Daily News* referred to "Mount Tacoma, which, by the way, is Mount Rainier everywhere except in Tacoma." Soon, however, Tacoma took up the fight to change the name manfully and womanfully, and has continued it to this day. It is rather a nice thing to have the most majestic scenic feature in the nation named after one's home town. A collection of wonderful Indian legends came into existence featuring dusky maidens, romantic lovers and weird fantasies of all sorts. George Francis Train, the eccentric publicist, was enlisted in the cause and wrote grotesque copy for the Tacoma papers, alternate lines written in red and blue pencil. Finally, about 1889, he was sent around the world with a private secretary in a globe-encircling tour against time, chanting the touching refrain:

Tacoma! Tacoma!! Aroma! Aroma!!
Seattle! Seattle!! Death rattle! Death rattle!!

Mr. Train was long since gathered to his fathers, but his secretary of that day is continuing "the fight for justice to the mountain."

Finally, in 1890, the contest reached the ears of the United States Board on Geographic Names, and a hearing was ordered, and all available testimony submitted. The board unanimously decided for Rainier. Again, in 1917, after twenty-seven years of effort, Tacoma again got the matter before the United States Geographic Board and again the decision was for Rainier, the board stating in its decision that "No geographic feature in any part of the world can claim a name more firmly fixed by right of discovery, by priority and by universal usage for more than a century. So far as known, no attempt has ever been made by any people in any part of the world to change a name so firmly established." Dr. C. Hart Merriam, a distinguished member of the board, in a conclusive paper on the subject at that time, published by the government printing office, gives expression to a pertinent fact, thus: "If the people of Tacoma are so eager to call places by their Indian names, why have they not adopted the unquestioned aboriginal name 'Shuh-bah-lup' instead of Tacoma for their own city?"

While Tacoma does not appear to be a genuine Indian word, and while, according to State Senator William Bishop, himself the son of a full-blooded Indian and possessing high intelligence and much knowledge of Indian lore, no Indian can pronounce the word, there are authentic Indian names for Rainier. Dr. William Frasier Tolmie, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company and a learned man, in his diary in 1833, fifty years before the controversy, and twenty years before the white man's entrance into the Puget Sound country, records the Indian name as "Puskehouse." Peter Stamup, a full-blooded Indian born in sight of Rainier, a member of the bar and a Presbyterian minister for years, probably the most intelligent Indian ever born on Puget Sound, gives the Indian name as "Tiswauk." This name and a variation, "Stiquak," is confirmed by F. H. Whitworth, son of the early president of the University of Washington, and he himself interpreter in pioneer times for the superintendency of Indian affairs for Washington, adding that in all his contact with the Indians in his capacity as interpreter he never heard the name "Tacoma" applied to the mountain by any Indian, nor, in fact, by any white man, until after the publication of Winthrop's book. The venerable Father Boulet, who spent the greater part of his life as a missionary among the Indians, and who recently was still living, gives the Indian name of Rainier as "Tu-ah-ku."

Some early historians, however, follow Winthrop in the claim that Tacobet and its variants was a generic term applied to all snow peaks. The late Elwood Evans, an eminent Tacoma lawyer and historian, in his "History of Oregon and Washington," says: "It was known as Rainier to all early settlers up to the time of the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad to Tacoma. The railroad then re-named the mountain after the city, claiming that to be its original name. The truth is, however, that the Puyallup Indians called all snowy peaks Tak-ho-ma."

The late General Hazard Stevens, who was the son of the first governor of Washington, and who made the first ascent of Rainier, in an interesting article describing his ascent in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1876, states that "Tak-homa, or Ta-homa, is an Indian generic term (Continued on page 237)



"CHOW" TASTES SO MUCH BETTER WHEN YOU PREPARE IT YOURSELF—BOY SCOUTS GETTING READY FOR THE "EATS"

Wanted—1,000,000 Associate Members *for the* Boy Scouts

By HAROLD HORNE

DID you ever hear a hundred boys yell their heads off at a baseball game?

Some cry!

Well, imagine what a whoop would resound thru this land of ours if ten million healthy youngsters would mount some mighty outlook and cry out simultaneously, "Come on there, you grown-ups, give us a lift!"

Your boy, perhaps, might be one of the grand army of shouters—or your sister's boy—or the boy next door. You'd sit up and take notice, we're sure, for everybody likes a healthy, red-blooded little fellow who's out to make good—and everybody wants to help him.

Now, that cry isn't an idle supposition.

It's being thundered out this very minute from the depths of the hearts of American boyhood, and it's meant for your ears and mine.

It's the cry of the boys of the nation who want an opportunity in life—who, groping thru the dark channels of adolescence, are trying to get the physical, mental and moral fibres that will give them a fighting chance in the years to come—and your privilege to help them will be here the second week in June.

It is to be known as "Boy Scout Week," and a National Citizen's Committee, composed of men who have been identified with the biggest things in the country are to be behind it.

The Hon. W. G. McAdoo is to be the national chairman—and he's lost no time in getting things tuned up for one of the greatest demonstrations of gratitude this nation has ever known.

In an open message to "The Mothers and Fathers of American Boys," Mr. McAdoo has this to say:

This organization now embraces three hundred and seventy-five thousand splendid American boys, but this is a very small proportion of the ten million American boys between the ages of twelve and

twenty-one who ought to be given the benefit of Boy Scout discipline, training, and practice.

The future of the nation depends, of course, upon its youth. The fathers and mothers of American boys will be gravely derelict in parental duty and in national obligation if they fail to give their hearty support, moral and financial, to this great American Boy Scout movement. Not only is every Boy Scout given useful knowledge and training which equips him better for the battle of life itself, but there is inculcated in him the duties, obligations, ideals, and higher conceptions of American citizenship.

Each year the Boy Scout movement is turning out thousands of better boys and creating the finest type of future American patriots. No cause should appeal more strongly to the mothers and fathers of America than the Boy Scout cause.

The Boy Scouts raised several million dollars in the Liberty Loan and War Savings Stamps campaigns. They did splendid work for the Red Cross in its several national campaigns. They served the Government in many other effective ways during the great world war. It is an organization of gallant patriots, and deserves the encouragement and support of the nation.

The week beginning June 7 and ending June 14 has been set apart as Boy Scout Week for the purpose of enlarging and strengthening the Boy Scout organization. Associate memberships in the Boy Scout organization will be offered to the mothers and fathers of American boys, and to other adult American citizens. This, if successful, will prove a supporting adult organization to the Boy Scouts of America, which will assure the enlarged usefulness and effectiveness of the Boy Scout movement. Surely there are five million American men and women who are willing to contribute a small sum to put the Boy Scout organization on a strong and permanent basis, which will assure the continuous training of the youth of America in the finer ideals and conceptions of citizenship in the greatest democracy on earth.

This worthy cause stands alongside the Red Cross and other humanitarian organizations which have had the generous support of the American people. In the name of America's best boyhood, I beg America's manhood and womanhood to help.

Mr. McAdoo learned all about the Scouts when he was putting over the first four Liberty Loans. He learned that

the word "boy" was far more than he had always thought it to be. He learned that the Scouts represented an organization whose watchword, "Be Prepared" was genuine in the true meaning of the words, and that this preparedness, put to the test, turned out to be of tremendous value to the country.



COLIN H. LIVINGSTON
President of the National Council, Boy Scouts of America

He was amazed when the Scouts, an army of "mere boys," sold over \$300,000,000 worth of Liberty Bonds, and disposed of \$50,000,000 worth of War Savings Stamps, located over twenty million feet of walnut timber for the War Department, distributed over thirty million pieces of literature, and collected about one hundred carloads of fruit pits, enough to supply over half a million gas masks with the chemicals that would save the lives of thousands of our fighters.

And thousands of others joined him in surprise when the Boy Scouts of America took up job after job, and saw each thru to successful completion.

"Such an organization should include every boy in the country," they said.

And as they looked deeper into the program, the scheme of citizen-building that makes the boy trustworthy, loyal, helpful and friendly, courteous, kindly, obedient and cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent—an American in every sense of the

word—they were convinced that the movement ought to grow—that grown-ups all over the country ought to know more about it, and that they ought to take an active interest in its further development.

Perhaps no single man has been more responsible for the remarkable growth of the organization than Mr. James E. West, Chief Scout Executive, a big man who sees things in a big way and whose big heart has been the heart of scouting itself, since its inception in this country in 1910.

"After all," he said, when asked about the effect of the war work on boys, "it is not the vast amount of work done by Scouts, in support of the government during the war, that gives most cause for gratification in their splendid record; it is rather the intensive educational effects of such service. The permanent impression made upon the lives of these boys will prove a benefit to the nation itself, fully equal to, if not indeed greater, than the benefits conferred by their deeds.



JAMES E. WEST
Chief Scout Executive of the National Council, Boy Scouts of America

"These Scouts have now learned more about their country and its economic needs, it is safe to say, than ordinarily would have been possible up to the time they became men. They have felt themselves to be a part of the country, a part of its government. They have found out that in a very real way they belong to this country, and this country belongs to them. This is Americanization. Take, as an example, their efforts

to locate standing black walnut. The War Department had become desperate over the failure of the supply of this wood necessary in the manufacture of airplanes. The situation was acute, and the authorities turned to the Boy Scouts for help. They reasoned that if anybody could search out and find standing walnut, it would be Scouts, because of their training in woodcraft and in observation, plus their patriotic zeal, so they were asked to try and help save the situation for the government.

"The Secretary of War acknowledged with gratitude that the result was the location of 20,758,660 board feet of standing walnut, equal to 5,200 carloads. The government's confidence in the Scouts was fully justified. The knowledge that such an important responsibility had been reposed in them, and the consciousness that they had met

the emergency like men, cannot help but steady those boys and give them a laudable and lasting ambition to shoulder responsible tasks and perform them well.

"Again, in the form of service in the Liberty Loan campaigns described as 'Gleaners after the Reapers,' Scouts realized that their government was looking to them to do a difficult thing and do it well. The easy way, the natural way, was to jump into the campaigns in advance of the dates set for them



There is only one thing better than being a real, live boy—and that is, being a real, live, boy leader. A Scout Master must be a real man himself—the kind of a man boys will naturally follow, admire, respect, emulate and obey. No amount of book knowledge, no degrees in pedagogy will avail if he doesn't impress the boys as the "real stuff." No "Miss Nancies" need apply—for, as shown above, leaders are often called upon to do the kind of work that only "he-men" can possibly perform to any degree of satisfaction

to start, and pile up promises from friends and relatives to save up their subscriptions for the Scout salesman, and thus by making a big showing gain public applause and the coveted medal.

"But upon the Scouts was put the simply herculean task of repressing that natural impulse, and holding themselves in reserve until all other agencies had been given a fair chance to sell the issues, and then to go into a field already thoroly reaped and glean what had been overlooked. This tested both the patriotism and the mettle of the Scouts to a remarkable degree. Above all, it taught them the valuable lesson that only genuine service is worthy of a genuine medal and of genuine applause.

"I am sure that boys who have kept step with their leaders during this historical period have advanced materially in their sense of personal responsibility and in their understanding of what it means to be a good citizen. They have been thoroly prepared for citizenship by the best method of education, which is 'learning by doing.'"

* * *

Learning by doing!

That's it! That's why a Scout loves scouting! It's a huge, splendidly-organized game to him, with all the fine zest of competition, the finer test of co-operation, the keen testing of mind and muscle, the essential good sportsmanship of a football or baseball game.

Only it is a constructive game, a progressive game.

It gets somewhere.

It is non-sectarian. Its ideals are revered by Jew and Gentile alike, by Catholic and Protestant, because it is based upon a pledge of allegiance to the service of God, and the brotherhood of man.

Scouting is non-military, but it inculcates the soldier virtues of discipline, hardiness, courage, obedience and patriotism, a patriotism which holds itself ready to serve its country in whatever form the need and the call may come. Preparedness of this kind is the Scout platform.

It is democratic. It knows no bounds of class or creed or race. It speaks the universal language of world boyhood. It is the crucible of American youth.



With the war over and their chapter of history written, the Scouts are now turning to equally big things. As a peace cry, they have adopted the slogan: "The war is over, but our work is not!"

Personalities of the Lone Star State

By EVERETT LLOYD



S an example of "beating back," or better, of how one man single-handed and alone, by the simple use of spiritual power and firmly convinced that he was in the right, redeemed a city and became instead of being the most universally disliked, perhaps the most beloved and popular citizen of the town, the case of the Rev. J. Frank Norris of Fort Worth, Texas, is conspicuous.



DR. J. FRANK NORRIS

Pastor of the First Baptist Church of Fort Worth, who, tho once tried for burning his own church, and deserted by the financial backers of his work and congregation, has by the sheer force of his personality "converted" the whole city of Fort Worth to his way of thinking. Today he is the most powerful citizen of the town and is pastor of the largest Baptist congregation in America

A short time ago, Dr. Norris was under the fire of the local newspapers, as well as under indictment, charged with burning his own church. The men of wealth of the town, members of his church, deserted him, leaving him only a few hundred followers among the working classes. A committee of citizens even called on him and gave him the option of leaving town

during the night or of taking the consequences. That night Norris addressed a mass meeting of several thousand people at his church and attacked his enemies for their cowardice, calling them by name. But he did not leave town. His case became the liveliest "issue" Fort Worth has ever known, and his trial for arson was the most sensational ever held in the Texas courts. Acquitted, Dr. Norris set about rebuilding his church, and today has the largest church edifice in Texas and the largest denominational congregation in America. One by one the influential members who deserted the pastor returned to the fold, and from the most universally disliked man in the town he has become the most beloved and popular. Even the newspapers which once refused to print his name except in connection with some disparaging news item, acclaim him Fort Worth's most useful citizen. Gamblers, politicians, ex-saloon men and other enemies, who would gladly have contributed to his scalp fund, now repudiate their actions and honor the man whom they once all but crucified.

Of course nobody believes that Dr. Norris was in any way responsible for the burning of the church, and his enemies knew he was not guilty at the time; but Fort Worth was in the throes of a hot political fight with Norris championing the cause of decent government—so he was slated for the shambles.

By what strange power Norris has won his battles, what leavening process he used to convince his critics of their error, is not at first apparent to the outsider who visits Fort Worth and is familiar in a general way with the sensational story. The explanation is that Norris is fearless; he is courageous and knows he is morally right. He has been tested by fire, and the tragedy of it all has mellowed his nature and shamed his enemies to the point of humility and admiration. None other than a great and sincere soul could have withstood the ordeal.

IT is a long jump from the white lights of Broadway to the oil fields of Texas, but the romance of oil has attracted celebrities to Texas from the four corners of the universe.

DR. W. F. COLE

A Texas doctor who turned inventor during the war and made his contribution to the cause in the form of the smooth-bore rifle.

Altho widely known thruout the Southwest both professionally and as a literary man, Dr. Cole now promises to achieve fame as an inventor and maker of fire-arms.



Actors, playwrights, novelists, prize-fighters, bankers and politicians are playing the game for all it is worth; and in the oil business one must act quickly and think in terms of large sums of money.

One of the first stage stars to enter the Texas fields was Gladys Moore, who, in addition to representing eastern clients in acquiring leases, operates extensively on her own account. Miss Moore will return to the stage with possibly a hundred thousand dollars to her credit in Texas banks, all made within a few months' residence in Texas.

NEARLY all successful men have hobbies. With some it may be automobiles, books, yachts, golf, pride in a beautiful home, or philanthropic work. But with Marcus Bright, young Texas banker and capitalist, it is children—and he has four of them—all eligible to distinction along with their successful father. If anyone doubted Bright's love for his children, he has only to enter his private office and see prominently displayed under a large glass desk front the picture shown above. Busy men have a habit of displaying wise sayings and proverbs conspicuously about their desks and offices. Not so with Bright. His only reminder is the picture of his children—Marcus, Jr., Hemming, Willard, and Marjorie Bell, age fourteen, twelve, four and five and one-half years, respectively.

Marcus Bright is one of the youngest bank presidents in Texas—probably the youngest of a large city bank. While it is largely a "one man" bank, the Fort Worth State Bank ranks among the most successful in Texas, and largely thru



MISS GLADYS MOORE

Popular screen favorite, who has become known as the "oil queen" of the Texas fields, Miss Moore represents several Pittsburg capitalists, and is a recognized authority on land values. She will return to the stage next season.



WHO WOULDN'T WORK FOR THESE?

Marcus M. Bright, president of the Fort Worth State Bank, whose love for his children is his greatest incentive to achievement.

the efforts of President Bright, who is the first to arrive in the morning and the last to leave in the afternoon. Bright has no regular office hours, but stays on the job until the accumulated business of the day is disposed of. He is essentially a banker who realizes his responsibility and fights shy of lending his name to outside enterprises and promotions. Considering the hundreds of opportunities a Texas banker has now to lend his name to oil promotion companies, this is a more delicate and difficult problem than one would imagine. But Bright limits his activities to the bank and the few corporations in which he is interested.

The Lodge-Lowell "League of Nations" Debate

Continued from page 208

be hoped for. There was a stirring idealism in the plea of President Lowell that indicated his long and ardent crusade in crystallizing public opinion along lines of permanent peace.

The clock was approaching the hour of twelve when the last of the spectators had left Symphony Hall. All agreed that the debate or discussion indicated that the old town meeting spirit still existed in New England. It brought back to the elders the days of the debating society. As the throng left the hall, the debate continued, pro and con, evidencing that each one

of the speakers had his partisan supporters. There were not many minds changed by the debate, but convictions were deepened, and a new alignment formed. Eventually the citizens of the country, no matter what the Senate or the President, or high contractual parties may decree, will give the final word on the subject, as they did in the early days of the republic.

Occasionally in these latter times the people will have the last say, and this is one of the times.

Farming—Today and Yesterday

Hitching the Farm to Modern Conditions

By WILLIAM EDWARD ROSS



ONE salient fact which the recent war emphasized was that the stoke with which the human furnace is supplied can make or destroy an empire. Even as the mighty turbines which drive our dreadnaughts across the seas are powerless without an adequate supply of steam-producing fuel, so the human race, or an individual nation becomes impotent if deprived of the food which produces its motive power.

Scientists, agriculturists and other thinkers who have made a profound study of Germany's defeat, and the causes relating thereto, are unanimous in declaring that food was a potent factor in winning the war. Even now, the official clamor is for intensive cultivation of the soil, but the adjective is incorrectly used. To produce the food that the world requires does not so much entail intensive as *intelligent* cultivation. If the tillable land in the state of New York were properly handled, it alone could produce enough food for the use of the entire United States of America. One of the greatest troubles with present farming methods is that the *average agriculturist is driving along with his brakes on.*

The farmer of today is bankrupt because of the cost of agricultural production. That this is so, that New England in particular has many acres of abandoned farms is due solely to improper methods that have been used in tilling the soil. The condition of these abandoned farms, as well as of the sterile districts in other parts of the country is due to methods of cultivation that looked only to getting crop after crop, year after year, with little more thought given to the permanent tilth of the soil than a footpad gives to the health of his victim.

The farmer of yesterday was able to successfully cultivate a limited area by the use of a small plow and a single mule or horse. Today this is impossible. The war forced wages up. The cost of a single farm laborer requires that he use several horses if the investment in his individual man-power is to be profitable. Because of this, the tractor becomes a factor in modern agriculture. The tractor, however, is one of the most expensive pieces of farm machinery possible to consider, altho its use is economical under favorable conditions. Unless the farm is clear of stumps, trees, rocks, swamps, and other things liable to cause breakage or delay, the tractor is simply an expense-producer. To point out this limitation does not detract from the value of this modern agricultural implement, but merely emphasizes the damage that will result unless it has clear territory on which to work.

When the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock and settled on adjacent territory, they found many big trees, and the land in a state of virgin fertility. In the clearing of the land they made lumber of some of the logs and burned the rest, but always they left the stumps in the ground. Some of these stumps were removed, but, ever since the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, the American farmer has farmed around stumps because he found it too big a job to get them out. It costs more, however, to turn out for a rock or a stump than to take it out. Not only this, but the turning out increases the time wasted from ten to fifteen per cent. It has been variously estimated that a stump in a field "kills" a square rod of ground, and it is a known fact that besides lowering the expense of cultivation, the removing of thirty stumps from an acre increases the net profit from that acre by a full third.

In every section of these United States of ours are veritable islands of virgin fertility. Even the barren farms of New England, for all practical purposes, are as potentially fertile today as they were in the days of the Pilgrims, except that the fertility has taken an unavailable form.

When the original settlers located on the shores of New England, they had only to subdue the wild condition to capture the virgin fertility of the soil. Now that this soil has been underpaid for so long, it is necessary, in order to capture more of its elusive fertility, that it be given a course in physical culture and feeding that will restore it to its original chemical balance. In one sense it is like a run-down man who needs rest and exercise to restore his balance. In another it is like a machine, the parts of which are nearly all present, but are incorrectly assembled.

Plants and trees derive their growth from just four sources—the ground, the air, the sun, and water. Before there was growth on the earth there was no loose ground nor soil. The earth was rock—minerals solidly bound together. With the passing of the seasons, water wore away and dissolved the softer minerals in the rock. In time there appeared mosses and rock plants which sent their roots into the water-worn crevices, thus helping to wear the soft rock deeper and ultimately split it apart. After a time these plants died and the acids they gave off aided the water in dissolving more rock and dissolving it faster.

Frost and sun heat hastened the processes until the softer minerals were carried out from among the harder ones. What was left was the caved-in remainder of minerals that resisted the water and heat and cold, and became mixed with the remains of the plants that grew and died. This is soil.

The difference between top-soil and sub-soil is only a difference in the stage of decomposition or disintegration of the mineral particles and of the amount of the remains of plants, or organic matter, which is mixed therewith. Ground near the surface has been exposed to the action of heat and cold and water, and has been changed more than the ground under the surface.

Plants use soil in three ways. They anchor themselves in it so their roots can go in search of food in the ground and their leaves go in search of food in the air. They consume the mineral elements which compose the soil. They use the soil as a "table" on which to consume food supplied from elsewhere—that is, as a carrier of plant food secured from outside of the ground.

All but four of the twenty-one different elements that plants consume are used in very small quantities and are found everywhere. A few ounces of the component parts of seventeen of these elements are sufficient to grow a crop. The four elements that supply ninety-eight per cent of the food of all plants and trees are nitrogen, potash, phosphorus and water. They are the ones which become scarce.

Water comes from rain, from the soil, from irrigation. Nitrogen comes originally from the air, but soils as they now are contain some nitrogen. This they acquired from plants which died, and by the action of bacteria in the soil. Potash and phosphorus come from minerals in the soil, or from fertilizers that have been applied. A great many soils contain enough of these two plant-food elements to supply all the plants that could grow from them for a thousand years.

For several feet deep, the ground is largely composed of plant food. Plants cannot use it now, because it never has been broken down entirely. The agencies which transform the minerals into available plant food have not had a chance to act. Most domestic plants cannot stand water over the roots, but must have a sufficient supply of moisture in the ground near the roots. Surplus water must drain away immediately. The storage in the ground of just enough water, and not too much within reach of the roots, is made possible by a force called capillarity. In action, this force is not unlike

the attraction of a magnet; it makes a drop of water follow down the lower edge of a slanting board rather than fall straight down, and it is the force that makes oil climb up a lamp wick. In the ground, each little particle of soil or mineral is surrounded with a film of water that is held to it by capillarity. This film is so thin that it should be called moisture. Roots can take up this moisture, and they prefer their water in just this condition. Roots take up only a solution. It is important that soil be kept in a state hospitable to roots.

The human being today requires cooked food in order to exist. One might kill himself eating in a storehouse of raw



"POT-HOLE" PRODUCED BY BLASTING IN WET GROUND

It is necessary that soil should be dry when it is blasted, or trouble like that illustrated above may be the result. "Pot-holes" in many cases may be dug out of clay, and are often so thoroughly hardened as to hold water like a jug. It is easy enough to avoid such conditions by making sure that the soil is in proper condition before blasting

food. It is so with plant life and all growing things. Their food must be cooked for them. In other words, it must be kept in a soluble state so that they can exist, otherwise, like us, they will die of eating raw food, or starve in the midst of plenty of it.

Bacteria renders soil soluble. It keeps the plant food in condition. Water also aids in making available the plant food secured from the air and from the minerals. One way it does this is by dissolving the softer minerals directly; the other is by aiding the growth and activities of bacteria and by combining with air to decompose stubborn minerals. The world's supply of nitrogen comes from the air. Plants capture it with the help of bacteria. Nitrogen reaches the moisture films and is dissolved in them from dead wood, stems, leaves or animal matter. As these decompose, the nitrogen they contain is taken up by the water. Working together, air and water break down mineral plant food elements and promote the greatest decomposing and breaking-down process of all, the action of beneficial bacteria.

Tho the processes by which original mineral plant food elements are transformed into plant food have been going on for ages, they have only succeeded in breaking down the rock into softer stages. Except for a very little plant food that is available, the balance is still locked up as far as plants are concerned.

Organisms come to the soil only when conditions are right. While some of these organisms belong to the plant family, the most important belong to the animal kingdom, and are the bacteria of which we have written. One class of bacteria thrives in the absence of air. This class liberates plant food to a certain extent, but does it in such a deleterious way that the foods are wasted before the roots can take them up. Harmful bacteria is extremely active in causing reversion of already soluble elements to insoluble forms. They even cause foods in commercial fertilizers to be "lost" in that way. The beneficial class of bacteria liberates plant food and leaves it in the soil in shape for crops to use. This class, when numerous, accomplishes more breaking down of insoluble plant food elements in one season than has taken place from other causes for a thousand years. So great is the result of their work that, if they should happen to be destroyed, plants could not

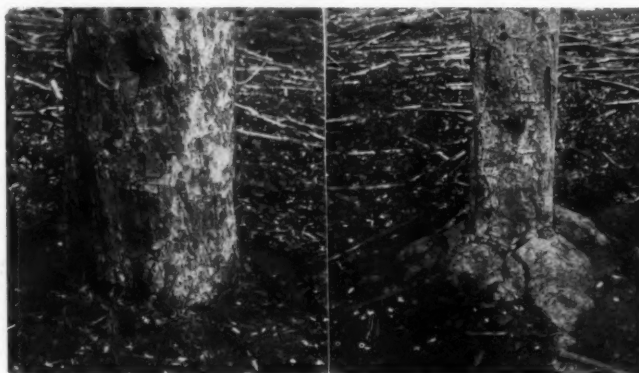
find enough available food and would literally be starved to death. Therefore, it is easily understood that plant life thrives as the bacteria thrive.

Soil productiveness depends almost entirely on decomposition of soil into available soluble plant food and its mixing with organic matter. The ground itself affords the "largest part of the plant menu. The air brings the element not found in the ground. The problem of the modern agriculturist, therefore, is to make existing plant food elements available for the use of plants.

Everyone knows that unless we keep a draft open, our fires will not burn. It is just as easy to understand that we cannot grow alfalfa until the soil contains the bacteria necessary for its growth. It is an obvious fact, then, that the soil must be kept in such a condition that the bacteria can live. By loosening up unavailable soil, bacteria will gather and fertility will result. When exposed to its rays, the sun will bake a piece of ground to a depth of a foot or over. In order that this baked land and other unfertile acreage be rendered fertile and made available for use, it is necessary that it be subsoiled. When subsoiling has been accomplished, a cover crop should be planted immediately to introduce vegetable matter, or else a heavy application of vegetable matter should be ploughed down. This organic matter gets in between the loosened particles, helps maintain the moisture supply and promotes bacterial activity. The resulting chemical reactions make the locked-up fertility soluble.

The man who uses only the plow uses only the top skim of soil. To get a mellow condition of the deeper soil, and to put it in good tilth, the most effective, and in fact the only, proper way of subsoiling is one which crumbles the old dead soil for the entire depth that is used by roots. The Japanese and Chinese have kept their soils fertile for many generations, but their methods, altho correct and wise as far as they go, are so laborious that no American agriculturist would care to employ them. Their way consists in carrying the top layer of earth from their fields every year on their shoulders, placing it beneath their buildings or in other available space, and there fertilizing it to be returned to the fields when thoroughly composted.

Consider an American farmer with thousands of acres employing this method, even if he would do so. Modern agricultural



GIVE THE TREES A CHANCE TO GROW

These trees are a striking contrast. They are both eighteen years old, but they started life under different conditions—one in a blasted bed, the other in ordinary hole. Hardpan beneath the smaller tree forced its roots to the surface, where they could not find enough food, as the tree too plainly shows. The roots of the other draw nourishment necessary from the depths of the ground

methods have demonstrated that there is only one way to subsoil effectively—a way that saves both time and money—and that is by *blasting with explosives*. Knowing this, the farmer of today is hitching his farm to modern conditions.

In order, however, to effectively subsoil with explosives, suitable powder or dynamite must be used, or results will not be attained. Some powders or dynamites only grind up a restricted area of volume. Farm powders act slower and spread out. Another instance of the same differences in action of explosives lies in the fact that if improper high explosives were used in mines, we would get coal dust and not lumps. The only satisfactory explosive for farm use is that which has

been developed by experts along this line. The explosive that is effective does more lifting, heaving and splitting, and less shattering and grinding. An attempt to use an improper explosive for subsoiling purposes results simply in a pocket being dug out of the ground, and the surrounding soil for a few inches being racked hard.

Ten years ago there was some great agitation about farm blasting, which resulted in failure and a general disbelief in the use of explosives for this purpose. While this latter belief was natural, because wrong procedure was followed and wrong explosives were used, it has been rendered obsolete by subsequent results. Where the former methods were not only ineffective, but sometimes harmful, modern developments have proven that there is no danger attached to the use of explosives for farm purposes; in fact, the spectacular is absent and, when intelligently used, one might stand over the soil as it explodes, or set off a charge alongside of a window without danger of accident resulting.

One particular point which must be emphasized is to blast when the soil is dry. Soil taken from a depth of eighteen inches should be tested in the hand to ascertain if dry enough for blasting purposes. If it will not crumble and sieve thru the fingers, it is too damp to blast. Another important thing is to investigate the soil, find out how deep charges must go, then use only sufficient powder to upheave the ground. Investigations by boring or other methods will determine if there is hardpan or unbroken clay beneath the top soil, and by following the tables and directions given with farm powder, even these strata, so generally troublesome in agricultural districts, will be rendered prolific. The proper explosive properly used simply breaks the surface of the ground because its force is being expended laterally.

As stated before, the problem of the modern agriculturist is to increase production while lowering costs. Back in the days of the original American farmer prices bore no relation to cost of production. The only cost that was considered at all was the cost of hauling, which was trivial. This was natural, because the wants of the early settlers were supplied direct from the land they tilled, and they needed only a few dollars a year for the purchase of a few little store luxuries. For farm labor, boys were apprenticed and received no recompense except the information that they were learning a trade. The youths of today, however, are too intelligent to be hoodwinked by such a proposition. The result is that the cost of hauling is only an item to the modern farmer. He must now consider, in addition to transportation, cost of labor, cost of land, amortization fund, and other things which are apt to enter, in one way or another, into modern farm financing.

Great as these items are, however, they are by no means all.



AN OHIO ORCHARD THAT SHOWS THE BENEFITS OF BLASTING

There is the element never before considered in American agriculture as a whole—the plant food that goes into the wheat or other farm products. No less an authority than F. W. King's "What Goes into the Crop of Wheat"—an agricultural textbook—is responsible for the statement that of this "what" the fertilizing element alone costs approximately \$1.46 a bushel. No wonder that the modern farmer is bankrupt, and that high cost of living is fast driving the rest of us into the same state.

Of the many companies that have experimented with and

developed farm powder for agricultural purposes, the Atlas Powder Company is the pioneer in the field, and a canvass of the market shows that it is the only company that has so far successfully developed and produced a special farm explosive. Whereas, old-fashioned dynamite froze at fifty degrees and was dangerous, the new explosives developed by the Atlas



TWO-YEAR-OLDS BEARING FRUIT

The pear tree on the left and the apple tree were planted in blasted beds and showed their appreciation of this care by their sturdy, rapid growth

Company can withstand such a low temperature that it does not have to be thawed out, but stays "explosive" and is almost fool-proof. In fact, it need not be considered any more dangerous than a crowbar in the hands of anyone who can handle a crowbar without dropping it on his feet.

The farmer has long recognized the value of explosives in removing stumps and boulders from his fields, as well as for blasting ditches. Not only are old-time, back-breaking conditions obviated by this method, but the work is done more effectively, in less time, and at lower expense. Acres can now be cleared of stumps and rocks in one day.

While the agriculturist has used powder extensively, as well as successfully, for the purposes stated in the preceding paragraph, it is only of recent years that he has come to realize that he can subsoil with explosives in the same time-saving, effective way as he is now performing the other operations. So well is this known, and so educational has been the literature disseminated by the Atlas Powder Company, that I have only touched on stump-blasting, etc. Their importance is not to be minimized, however, altho at this time it is subsoiling that is the most essential thing.

No greater romance has been written than the romance that is to be found in soil and rock. Springing from the primitive days of the beginning, its story has unfolded all of the beauties and mysteries of created things, and now the romance is to be further developed, but developed backward. In other words, knowing the reason for the evolution of all things that pertain to the soil, and having, so to speak, exhausted them, we are, by modern methods, going to cause the land to revert to its pristine state, the state of virgin fertility. No other concern in America has gone deeper into the problems of agriculture than has the Atlas Powder Company, because it has long realized that in order to produce a farm powder that would satisfactorily achieve results, it must understand every use to which this powder would be put. The experiments it has conducted, the literature it has issued, the staff of agriculturists and expert powder men it has associated with it have contributed to the one aim: Producing an explosive that will lighten the toil of the farmer, decrease wasted time, increase production per acre, militate against high cost of production while restoring the soil to its virgin state, and educate people in general to a knowledge of the powers of the soil so that, when present unintelligent conditions are done away with, there will be no further soil reversion.

The campaign of the Atlas Powder Company has been one solely of education. Having done its bit in war, it is now doing its bit in peace, to the end that the power of explosives may equal, by producing life-giving materials, the havoc they wrought in destroying life when used as an agent of war.

(NOTE—The author is indebted for the scientific facts he has used in this article to the assistance of J. R. Mattern, agricultural expert.)

Get Back Your Grip On Health

Physician Gives Practical Advice On What to Do To Help Build Up Your Strength, Power and Endurance—Explains

How Organic Iron—Nuxated Iron—Helps Put Renewed Vim and Energy Into the Veins of the Weak, Nervous and Run-Down—

Thousands of men and women are impairing their constitutions, laying themselves open to illness and literally losing their grip on health simply because their blood is thinning out and possibly starving thru lack of iron.

To possess the power, energy, and endurance that wins, the blood should be rich in strength-giving iron. For this purpose physicians below explain why they prescribe organic iron—Nuxated Iron—which, by enriching the blood and creating thousands of new red blood cells, often quickly transforms the flabby flesh, toneless tissues, and pallid cheeks of weak, anaemic men and women into a glow of health. It increases the strength of delicate, nervous, run-down folks in two weeks' time in many instances.

In explaining why he regards iron as absolutely essential to the greatest development of physical and mental power, and discussing the probability of building up a stronger race of people by increasing the supply of iron in their blood, Dr. George H. Baker, formerly Physician and Surgeon, Monmouth Memorial Hospital of New Jersey, says:

"Iron is absolutely necessary to change food into living tissue, muscle and brain. Refined foods and modern methods of cooking have robbed us of much of the iron which Nature intended we should receive, and for supplying this deficiency and increasing the red blood corpuscles, I know of nothing more effective than organic iron—Nuxated Iron. From a careful examination of the formula and my own test of Nuxated Iron, I feel convinced that it is a preparation which any physician can take himself or prescribe for his patients with the utmost confidence of obtaining highly beneficial and satisfactory results. The fact that Nuxated Iron is today being used by over three million people annually as a tonic, strength, and blood builder, is in itself an evidence of tremendous public confidence, and I am convinced that if others would take Nux-



You can tell which people have a firm Grip on Health—Strong Vigorous Folks with Plenty of Iron in their Blood

ated Iron when they feel weak and run-down, it would help make a nation of stronger, healthier men and women."

Commenting on the use of Nuxated Iron as a tonic, strength and blood-builder, Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, said:

"Thousands are held back in life for want of sufficient iron in the blood. A weak body means a weakened will power, and like the race horse beaten by a nose, many a capable man or woman falls just short of winning because they don't back up their mentality with the physical strength and energy which come from having plenty of iron in the blood. That irritable twitch, that fit of despondency, that dizzy, fearful feeling—these are the sort of signals Nature gives to tired, listless folks when the blood is clamoring for strength-giving iron—more iron to restore the health by enriching the blood and creating thousands of new red blood cells.

"In my opinion, the greatest curse to the health and strength of American people of today is the alarming deficiency of iron in their blood. It is thru iron in the red coloring matter of the blood that life-sustaining oxygen enters the body. Without iron there is no strength, vitality, and endurance to combat obstacles or withstand severe strains. Lack of sufficient iron in the blood has ruined many a man's nerves and utterly robbed him of that virile force and stamina which are so necessary to success and power in every walk of life.

"Therefore I strongly advise those who feel the need of a strength and blood builder to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or, if you don't want to go to this trouble, then purchase only Nuxated

Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package."

If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Numbers of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while have most astonishingly increased their strength and endurance simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this after they had, in some cases, been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit.

MANUFACTURER'S NOTE: Nuxated Iron, recommended above, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed in this city by all good druggists.

A Yankee Prisoner in Hunland

Continued from page 206

I reported to the guard; was ordered to work without them. Upon refusing, he drew his bayonet and plunged at me. I side-stepped the thrust and literally flew from the office and the guard. Later I returned to the office, and the same guard, to my amazement, offered me an apron and some hand-cloths, and I went to work. To my pleasant surprise the incident ended in this way, with no report made, and I was saved from a sentence in the German dungeon, where bread and water twice a week was all the food served.

I worked on a farm and milked cows, then I worked in a restaurant. I think for five months I had a larger variety of vocations than any man of threescore and ten, and I will never forget my twenty-second birthday, on the second of May, in Germany. I wrote a letter home, and the vision and dream of that letter has been more than realized. The few letters received from home were as good as a ration of food, for you did not seem to want to eat anything after you knew that they were all well, and cheered you up with messages of love and welcome.

In the factory I worked pouring zinc and aluminum, and smashed my finger. Some of the boys chiseled off their fingers in order to avoid the serf-like drudgery of prison days. One fellow intended to cut off his foot, but off went both legs instead. The desperation and gloom of those days in prison camp will never be effaced. When I read the peace terms and hear the howl of the Hun over the drastic provisions, I wish that the world could know all of the suffering and barbarity they practiced on prisoners. It was not Americans who suffered most, but the Serbians and Russians. No appraisal can ever be made of the ruthless slaughter of life that the Germans practiced on the defenseless prisoners held in their iron grasp.

How hungry we were for books and scraps of newspapers to read. I was the interpreting officer for the eleven Americans in our squad. I found my high school German worked well. We had one book all this time, and it was "Huckleberry Finn," Mark Twain's masterpiece, and we used to read and re-read it until I think I can recite every word of it by heart, but the humor and adventures of "Huckleberry Finn" were our constant dream picture by day and night. Then I remembered the information from Joe Chapple, of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, that the Kaiser, in the days of power and greatness, inquired about Mark Twain as one of the great Americans, and insisted that he was his favorite American author.

I received a letter from the Y. M. C. A., asking what I wanted. I said books, but they came after we left.

While working in a factory at Cologne with twenty-one thousand people, making telephone wires, I passed the day of exhilaration on the signing of the armistice with no knowledge of the end of the war. It was November 12th before we heard of it in that factory. The wires had been cut and all communication suppressed by the revolutionists. At eleven o'clock on the morning of the 12th, twenty-four hours after the signing of the armistice, the German officer in charge of our department, in words that I can never forget, said "*kreigs fertig*"—the war is ended. There was no gloom on his face, and he seemed to be as happy as we were. An hour after that we saw that beloved American uniform, and nothing seemed more dear to me than the khaki and shoes, especially after trying to fox-trot in wooden shoes for five months.

We hiked wearily back to the American lines, and many of the boys, even with the realization of liberty and their dream of coming home realized, dropped by the wayside and died from exposure and malnutrition. When I met a young Red Cross girl at Toul, and in her most piquant, but supercilious, way she asked, "What did you let them capture you for?" I did not think the Red Cross had in this case a very diplomatic

or sympathetic representative. It was never forgotten by the returned prisoners who heard the sneer of the Red Cross miss after months of starvation, the like of which no troops in regular service ever endured.

After I returned with the old 26th Division, a "deceased" letter was received at home, stating a tree had already been planted for me in France. The folks at home received word that I was officially missing May 11th, and received the news June 28th that I was officially a prisoner. For nearly two months my folks had given me up as passed Beyond, but fortunately the "deceased" letter did not arrive until I was home, well and hearty.

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Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

Millions Dying of Famine in Russia

Continued from page 207

ignorant Bolshevik takes up his residence there and steals food from the peasants.

"No production of anything is encouraged by the Leninites. Even ammunition plants are left to go to ruin. So that in a reasonably short time (a few years) we may expect the Russians to be killing one another with sticks and stones. In fact I found graves where the men were forced to dig their graves with their bare hands and fingers.

"Even Zinaviof, a very intelligent Bolshevik, when he came to Perm, told his underlings that they were hopeless criminal beasts. He said: 'You are laying up a harvest of hate which you will surely reap.' But that injunction had no effect. There is absolutely no possibility of any serious government in Russia under any Bolshevik regime."

Asked what he thought ought to be done, Mr. Boyard very politely replied that he was not at liberty to give his views upon that subject at the present time. However, he vouchsafed this much of an estimate regarding the immediate future of Russia:

"For this year I made a careful estimate of the result of famine and disease. It is my estimate, then, that if things remain under the present regime, ten million Russians will die of famine in 1919, and considering that little grain will be sown this year, I should make an estimate upon the figures I already have made that forty million will die of famine in 1920. This is one quarter the population of the greatest association of white men in the world. No such calamity has ever happened since the world began. It promises to be the most ghastly tragedy of all human history."

Among the Books

For those who revel in the delights of country life, a summer on the farm, etc., Peter McArthur's new book, "The Red Cow," published by the John Lane Company, will be most welcome. It contains a series of sketches of various aspects of farm life. Many of these sketches have already delighted readers who have come across them in Canadian newspapers. The author has a light and amusing style and writes in a humorous-serious strain.

* * *

An exceptionally interesting record of a year spent at the Court of the Czar in 1904-5 is written by Mrs. Maud Elton under the title "One Year at the Russian Court," published by the John Lane Company. With engaging vivacity she writes of the life of the people, famous and fashionable, whom she met; of dinners and dances, excursions and picnics in Petrograd; and of particular interest are her descriptions of the Caucasus and its varied people.

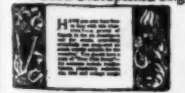
(Continued on page 236)

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"NEW MEN'S CLOTHES SHOP"

Among the Books

Continued from page 235

The "Charmed American," recently published by the John Lane Company, is a story of the Iron Division of France, by George Lewye. It was at the head of the famous Iron Division (the battering ram of the French army) that Marshal Petain made his triumphal entry into Metz. This record of adventure, notable for deep philosophy and excellent literary style—the most forceful book yet published about the war—was actually written in the trenches, and the author (Franco-American) is the sole survivor of his original company.

The manuscripts of this book came to the publishers over a year ago. In view of the author's frankness in regard to the horrors of modern warfare, however, publication was withheld until after victory, so that no additional anxiety, due to the realism of the story, should be added to the hearts of those who were bravely sending their men and boys overseas. Now, however, the public want to know the very things which are told them most graphically and forcefully in this story.



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By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

There can be no "I told you so" story of the winning of the war so genuinely sincere and truthful as the Victory story started long before the war was won. It remained for Joe Mitchell Chapple to tell this story, probably the most widely-read story of the Great Conflict. It meant getting in close, personal contact with those who comprised the great machine of victory—kings, presidents, marshals, premiers, commanders, generals, admirals, lords, secretaries of war, ambassadors, sailors, soldiers, and the glorious women who played their no less great part.

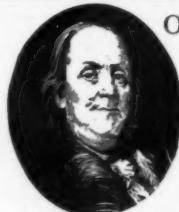
One sees the prognathous jaw of Civilization in the determined Allied expression which has become the title of this book: "We'll Stick to the Finish." And the world now knows how they did stick—from the Grand Fleet to the over-the-top doughboy or the beloved doughnut lassie. This story brings one into intimate relation with the great people of the Great War—from America to England, to France, to Belgium, to Italy, to Greece, and home again. The world is reading this book. Such men as Roosevelt, Daniels, Lansing, House, say it is the real story-picture of the war. Probably no other war book has been so enthusiastically or so favorably reviewed by the world's press. To read this book is more than to read of Victory—it is to read of Victory in the making—a Victory that came true.

Joe Chapple talked with all the Allied leaders—with Foch, Pershing, Haig, Diaz, Lloyd George, Orlando, Clemenceau, Sims, and Beatty, whose every utterance and action emphasized the spirit of the boys—"We'll Stick to the Finish."

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THRIFT IS THE



KEY TO SUCCESS

Mount Ranier or Mount Tacoma?

Continued from page 224

for mountain, just as we use the word 'mount' as Tahoma Wynatchie, or Mount Wynatchie."

Clinton A. Snowden, a well-known Tacoma journalist, in his notable work, "Rise and Progress of an American State," Volume 4, says of the early efforts to change the name: "The newspapers and people of Oregon joined this opposition. The attempt to change the ancient name of the majestic mountain was declared to be nothing less than a sacrilege. It was simply a scheme of a lot of real estate boomers and speculators to turn a great world landmark into an advertisement, to reduce sublimity itself to the level of a signboard. . . . The newspapers of Tacoma and the people of the town stood sturdily for the change and made such a fight as they were able. The Indians were appealed to or evidence on both sides, and after their custom generally furnished something that was satisfactory to both. Edward Huggins, last of the Hudson's Bay factors, who had lived for thirty years among the Indians, had never heard them use any name other than La Monte, the Chinook name. Mrs. Huggins, who was a daughter of John Work, and who was born on the Coast, says, however, that "the name was Tachkoma, and that everything in the shape of a mountain or large mound covered with snow was called Tachkoma or Tacobah."

Julian Hawthorne's "History of Washington, the Evergreen State," says that Vancouver named the mountain Rainier, "which was accepted by the early settlers up to the time of the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad; then re-naming the mountain after the city, the company called it Mount Tacoma."

Dr. George Otis Smith, director of the United States geological survey, in a letter dated February 28, 1908, and published in the proceedings of the Washington State Historical Society, finally by incontrovertible evidence, confirms the fact that Tacoma was certainly not the Indian name for Rainier. He states that in 1901, when in charge of the investigation of the northwestern boundary of the United States, he made use of an old boundary map which had not been published, but which he had photographed from the state department archives; that this old map antedates most of the settlement of the state of Washington, and gave both the Indian and the English names, when there were English names, since the country was then comparatively unknown to white men. Dr. Smith says: "Now, the interesting fact is that Mount Baker was given not only this English name, but the Indian name as well—Tahoma. In other words, the Indians applied this name, which you know signifies The Great Mountain, not only to Rainier, but also to Mount Baker. The fact is the Siwash would speak of the largest mountain in his vicinity as 'the mountain' or 'Tahoma,' just as the Tacoma man will today refer to 'the mountain,' meaning Rainier, or the ranchman in the vicinity of Nooksack will designate Mount Baker as 'the mountain.'"

Not one man in fifty in the state of Washington calls the mountain Tacoma. The name is practically unheard of outside of the city of Tacoma, and even in the county in which Tacoma is situated there are many strong opponents to the efforts to change the name. Bibliography of Washington Geology and Geography, officially issued by the state in 1913, cites forty-seven publications on the mountain. In forty-six cases the mountain is called Rainier; in one case, Tacoma.

Long years ago the Northern Pacific abandoned the name "Mount Tacoma," and Charles S. Fee, then general passenger agent, said to a delegation of protesting Tacoma citizens: "Gentlemen, we have carried this farce as far as we are going to for advertising purposes. The name has officially been declared to be Rainier, and that is what we shall call it. You may call it what you please."



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Finally this letter in the *New York Times* of August 27, 1917:

To the Editor:
I have read this morning the editorial in the *Times* entitled "Rainier or Tacoma."

In 1883 I was traffic manager of the completed Northern Pacific Railroad. Charles B. Wright of Philadelphia was a powerful director, was president of the Tacoma Land Company, and had succeeded in getting Tacoma declared the official terminus of the road. It was seen then that Seattle was to be the more important city.

In a monthly folder I referred to "Seattle, the Queen City of the Sound." I received a letter from the president of the road stating that Charles B. Wright had made a complaint because of giving Seattle this distinction, and in the succeeding issue the sentence read: "Tacoma and Seattle, the two Queen Cities of the Sound."

It was Charles B. Wright who, with official power, insisted upon calling the mountain Tacoma, and it was not until he had withdrawn from the directorate, and his influence had passed, that Rainier again received Northern Pacific recognition.

JOHN MUIR,
New Rochelle, N. Y.

The Pacific Northwest is tremendously busy taking advantage of its opportunities in business in a constructive way, and is becoming weary beyond words over this reviving of a ghost that has been laid these many years. Why on earth cannot it decently stay laid? The *Portland Oregonian* of July 18, 1917, expresses the sentiment of the people of the Northwest: "The most sensible thing that Tacoma can do is to drop a controversy in which it stands alone in opposition to the rest of the world. There are other and more enduring roads to fame for Tacoma to follow than the fastening of its name on a mountain."

This logical conclusion is recognized by a constantly increasing number of Tacoma people, but unfortunately not all, as instance the following from one of the chief Mount Tacoma protagonists. "The Cow Butter Man" of Tacoma, just received:

Mount Tacoma can afford to wait. The venerable boneheads now forming the geographic board won't live always. They will rank in history with the fanatics who condemned Galileo and the ignorant priests who worked against Columbus.

Shades of Theodore Winthrop, George Francis Train and Charles B. Wright!

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